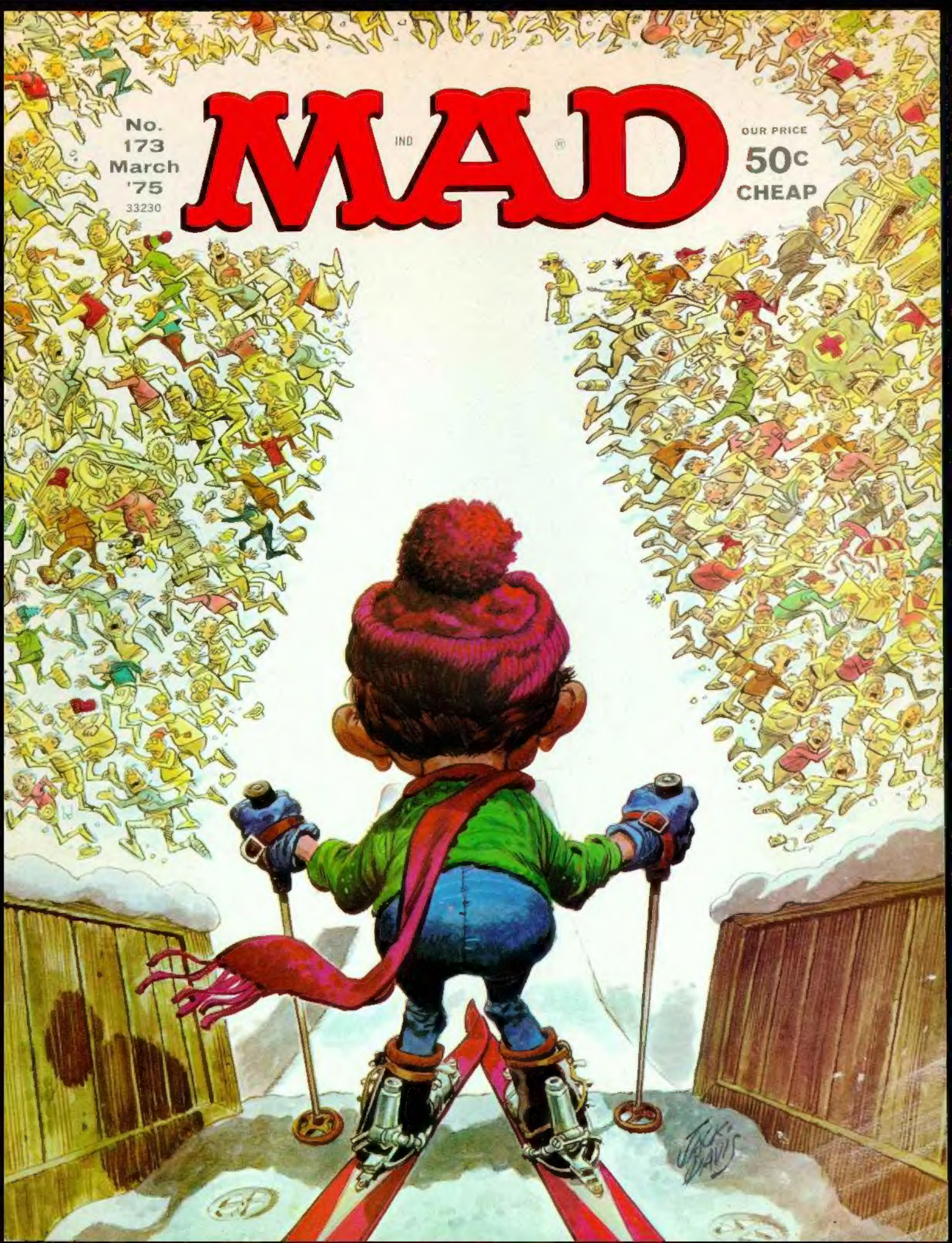
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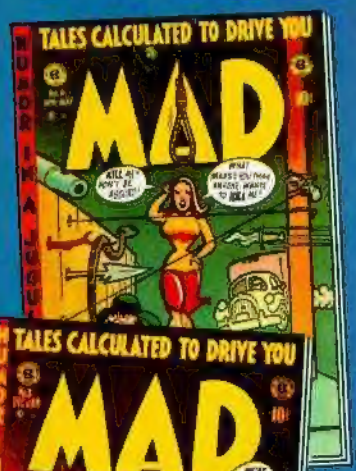
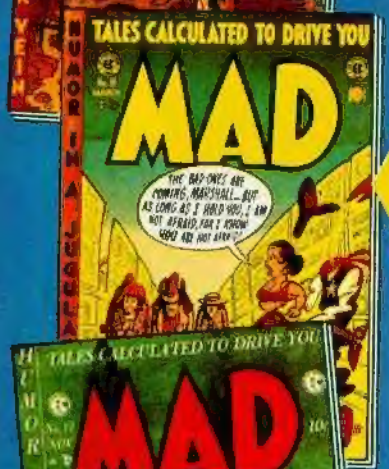
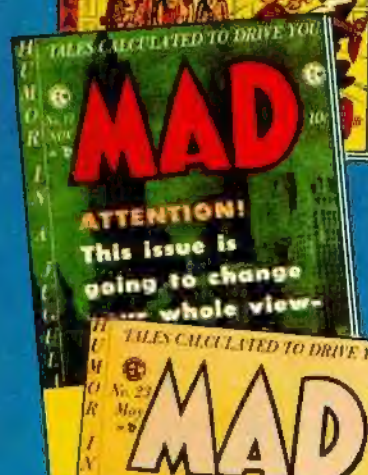
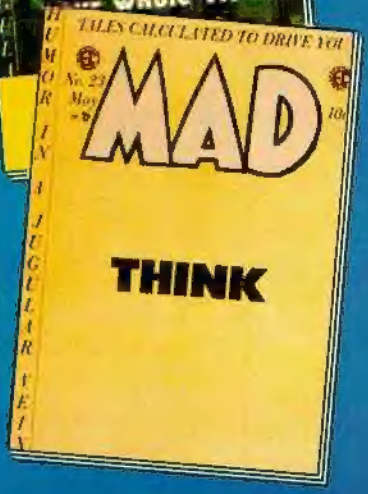
# STILL MORE HYSTERIA REPEATS ITSELF!

## MAINLY, OUR PAST RETCHES UP WITH US AGAIN IN






THE NOSTALGIC

# MAD

NUMBER THREE

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NUMBER 173 MARCH 1975

# MAD

*"Some people will do anything to hang on to a job . . . except work!"*
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, ERIKA HOLTON,
DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
*the usual gang of idiots*

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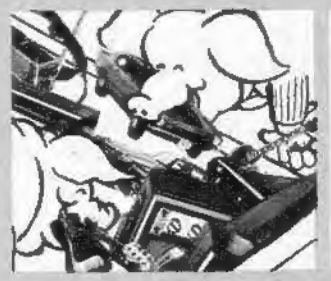
**MAD**—March, 1975, Volume 1, No. 173 Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: in U.S.A., 20 issues $10.00. Outside U.S.A., 20 issues $12.50. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1975 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
Printed in U.S.A.

## VITAL FEATURES

**CHINACLOWN (A MAD MOVIE SATIRE) Pg. 4**



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- ☐ DON MARTIN Comes On Strong
- ☐ DON MARTIN Carries On
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at the U.S.A.
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at People
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at Things
- ☐ DAVE BERG Modern Thinking
- ☐ DAVE BERG Our Sick World
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at Living
- ☐ The All-New SPY vs. SPY
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- ☐ A MAD Look at Old Movies
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## LETTERS DEPT.

### THE ZING

If "The Zing" isn't your greatest satire, it's close enough.

Tony Bill
Producer "The Sting"
Hollywood, Calif.

I saw the movie, "The Sting," but your version was so confusing, I had to read it *twice* before I put it back on the store rack.

Eugenia King
Baton Rouge, La.

### A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOKE?

Recently, I visited MAD Magazine's office to give them a laugh. I dressed up like William M. Gaines, Publisher of MAD, by stuffing a pillow in my shirt and wearing a beard, wig and glasses. I had a lot of fun and may even go back again, in the guise of Alfred E. Neuman. I am the one on the right.

Aaron Fricke
Cumberland Hill, RI

**Gaines & Fricke—Mammoth and Mite**

### MINGO'S "BIG CON" COVER

Norman Mingo's "The Big Con" cover is a justifiable "insult" added to "infamy"!

Paul Nichols
New York, N.Y.

The cover of your "Big Con" issue is as much of an American classic in its shameful reference as "Washington Crossing The Delaware" is in its patriotic reference.

Kevin Crisler
Patchogue, N.Y.

Let me make this perfectly clear: Norman Mingo is a genius!

Brian Leibowitz
Harrison, N.Y.

The Mingo cover "The Big Con" was only outdone by your "Poor Richard's Almanac," which was only outdone by your spoof "The Zing," which was only outdone by its subtle visual truism of "Scott Joplin—Music; Marvin Hammish—Exploiter," which was only outdone by the biggest "con" of all, your new inflated price! I always thought your magazine was too much; now I *know* it's too much!

Joel Rosenkrantz
Flushing, N.Y.

MAD didn't raise the price of MAD, inflation did!—Ed.

### YOU'VE REACHED APATHY

You know "You Have Reached A State Of Apathy When..." you receive "Modern Funeral Parlors" instead of MAD, and you don't notice any difference!

Paul Sundick
Great Neck, N.Y.

"Apathy"...when you go to a well-stocked magazine rack and you pick MAD.

Chris Fleming
Rockville, Md.

"Apathy"...when newsdealers still carry MAD after 171 issues.

Mark Siegel
Beverly Hills, Calif.

### BIBLE RAVE

God'll get you for that "Bible Rave"!

Janet James
Philippi, W.Va.


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William M. Gaines, Publisher

### POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

Mr. Silverstone has just dealt the final fatal blow to the wooden stake with his excellent satire, "Poor Richard's Almanac." It was a perfect sequel to "Malice In Wonderland," issue #163.

O. M. Nierstrasz
Toronto, Canada

### LIGHTER SIDE OF DIETING

Dave Berg's "Lighter Side Of Dieting" was such a side-splitter, it took three inches off my waist!

Thomas Casale
Chappaqua, N.Y.

I would suggest that any one planning to diet read Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of Dieting." It made me so sick, I couldn't eat for a week.

Tony Long
Crawfordsville, Ind.

### THE MAD CRISIS PRIMER

After reading "The MAD Crisis Primer" by Stan Hart and Paul Coker, Jr., I won't laugh any more when the old man across the way comes outside with his gas mask and gloves to walk his cellophane-covered mutt!

Mark Paalman
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Regarding Stan Hart's "Crisis Primer," I can't wait until the "Paper Crisis." There won't be anything to print MAD on anymore!

Steve Henry
Bonita, Calif.

Stan Hart forgot to mention the "Humor Crisis" which was so apparent in his stupid "Crisis Primer"!

Mark Schneider
Barrington, Ill.

### THE ROOKERS

"The Rookers" was excellent. Once again, Dick De Bartolo and Angelo Torres did some nice "police work"!

David Willis
Warwick, RI

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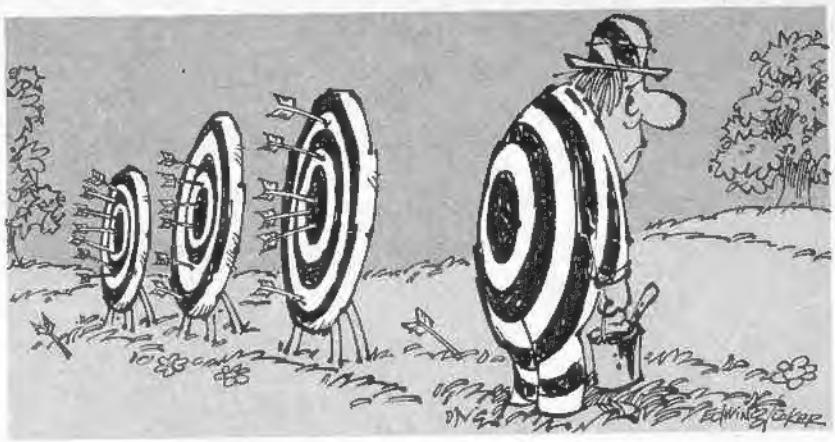
I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
William M. Gaines, Publisher


# WHY KILL YOURSELF?



JUST BECAUSE YOU MISSED THE LAST ISSUE AT THE NEWSSTAND?

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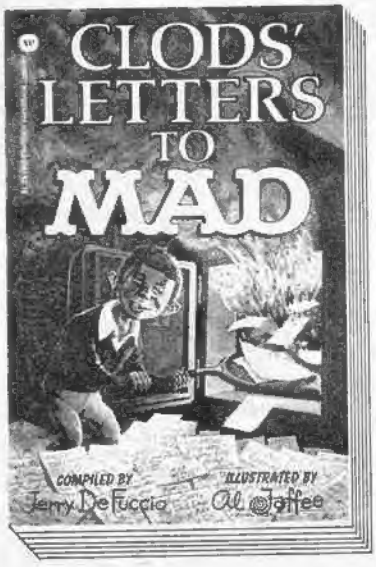
## SPACED OUT!

Yep, the orders for these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, (suitable for framing or training puppies) are spaced out at such long intervals (like a week apart), that we're blowing our minds... trying to figure out how to get rid of them. So help us to get this freak out of our stock room by mailing in your 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, $1.55 for 9, $3.15 for 27 or $6.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

## YOU CLODS WROTE THIS BOOK!




Mainly, we've collected all the kookie comments, screwy suggestions, asinine advice, ludicrous laments, zany zingers, crackpot criticisms, ridiculous rebukes, queer queries...and other censorable scribblings you've sent over the years!

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CLODS' LETTERS TO MAD

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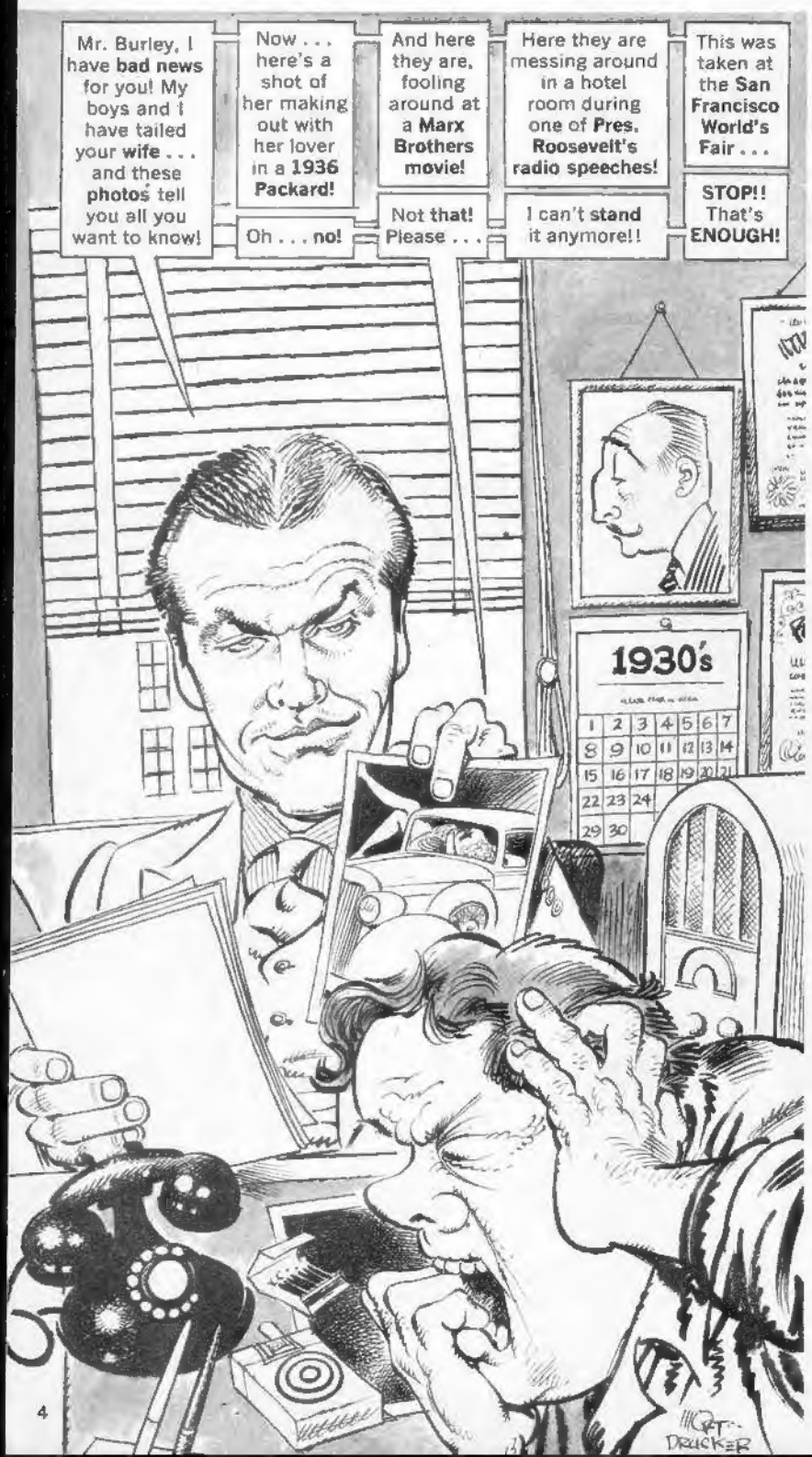
## CHINESE WATER TORTURE DEPT.

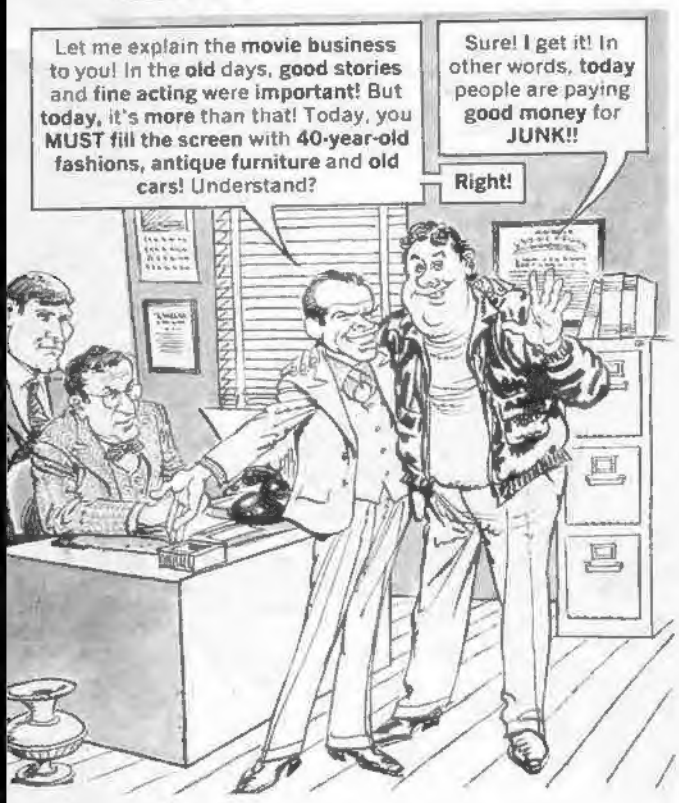
**Recently, some of the big creative brains in Hollywood decided to revive the old-fashioned "Private Eye Mystery Movie!" At least, that's what the publicity releases about the picture say. Actually, the only old-fashioned things about this picture are the clothes and the cars! The rest is very "today" . . . complicated, long-winded and dull! And the hero? Well, he's a . . .**

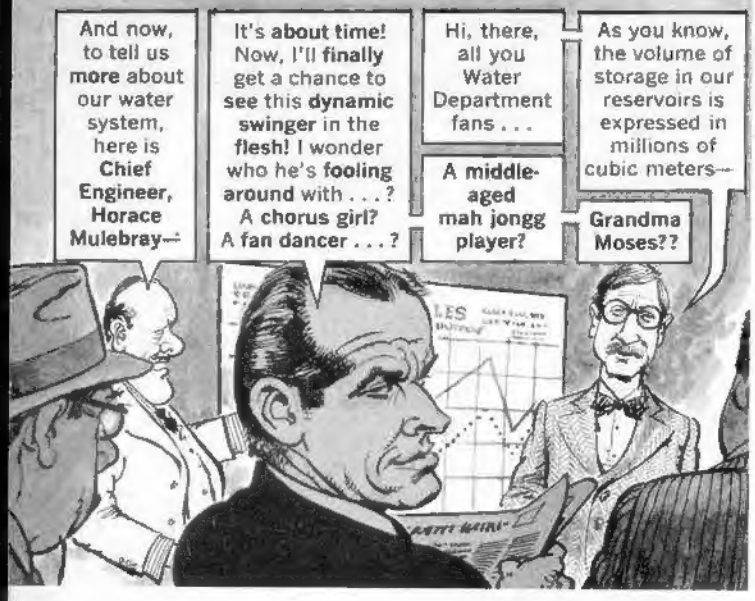
# Chin

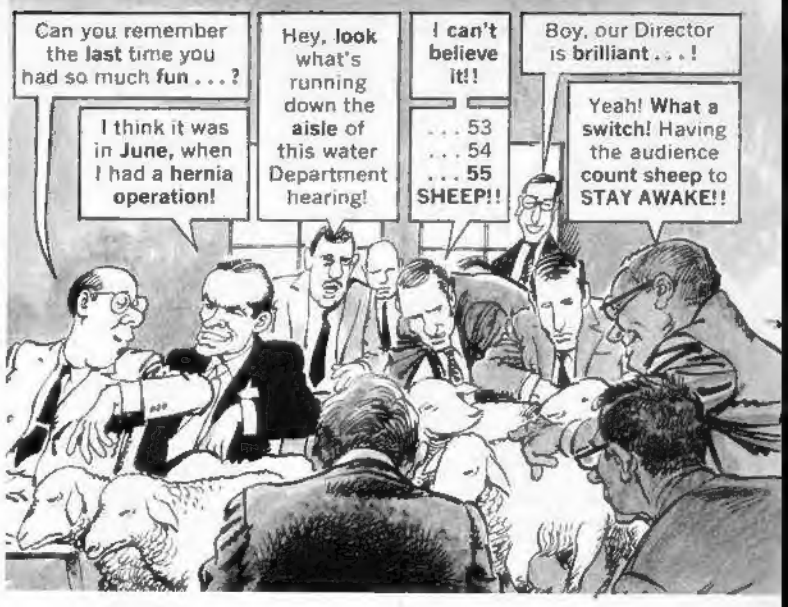


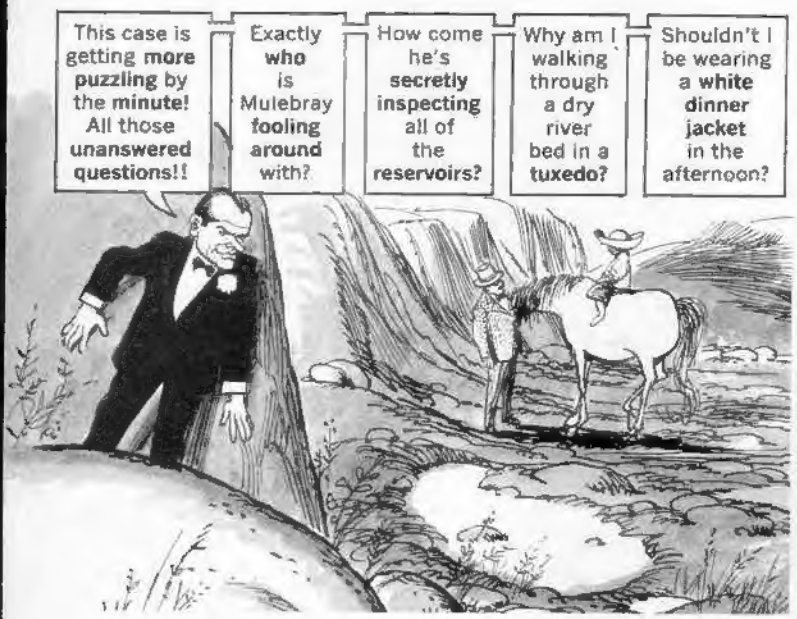
# aclown

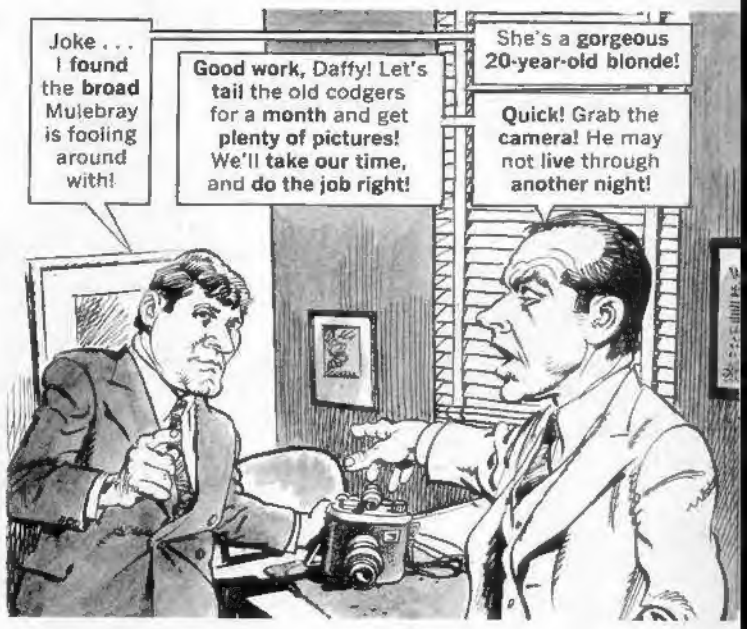
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

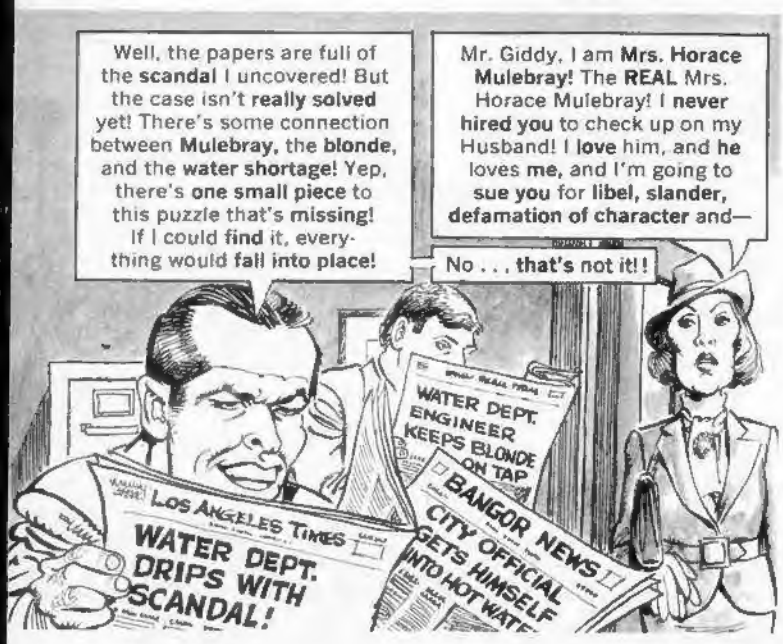


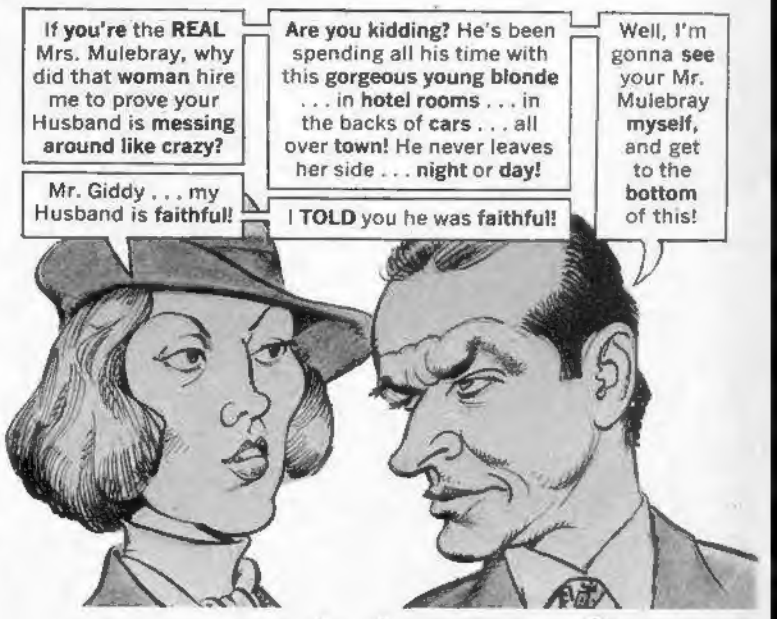

And now, to tell us more about our water system, here is Chief Engineer, Horace Mulebray—
It's about time! Now, I'll finally get a chance to see this dynamic swinger in the flesh! I wonder who he's fooling around with . . . ? A chorus girl? A fan dancer . . . ?
Hi, there, all you Water Department fans . . .
A middle-aged mah jongg player?
As you know, the volume of storage in our reservoirs is expressed in millions of cubic meters—
Grandma Moses??


Can you remember the last time you had so much fun . . . ?
I think it was in June, when I had a hernia operation!
Hey, look what's running down the aisle of this water Department hearing!
I can't believe it!!
. . . 53
. . . 54
. . . 55
SHEEP!!
Boy, our Director is brilliant . . . !
Yeah! What a switch! Having the audience count sheep to STAY AWAKE!!


This case is getting more puzzling by the minute! All those unanswered questions!!
Exactly who is Mulebray fooling around with?
How come he's secretly inspecting all of the reservoirs?
Why am I walking through a dry river bed in a tuxedo?
Shouldn't I be wearing a white dinner jacket in the afternoon?


Joke . . . I found the broad Mulebray is fooling around with!
Good work, Daffy! Let's tail the old codgers for a month and get plenty of pictures! We'll take our time, and do the job right!
She's a gorgeous 20-year-old blonde!
Quick! Grab the camera! He may not live through another night!


Well, the papers are full of the scandal I uncovered! But the case isn't really solved yet! There's some connection between Mulebray, the blonde, and the water shortage! Yep, there's one small piece to this puzzle that's missing! If I could find it, everything would fall into place!
Mr. Giddy, I am Mrs. Horace Mulebray! The REAL Mrs. Horace Mulebray! I never hired you to check up on my Husband! I love him, and he loves me, and I'm going to sue you for libel, slander, defamation of character and—
No . . . that's not it!!
LOS ANGELES TIMES
WATER DEPT. DRIPS WITH SCANDAL!
WATER DEPT. ENGINEER KEEPS BLONDE ON TAP
BANGOR NEWS
CITY OFFICIAL GETS HIMSELF INTO HOT WATER


If you're the REAL Mrs. Mulebray, why did that woman hire me to prove your Husband is messing around like crazy?
Mr. Giddy . . . my Husband is faithful!
Are you kidding? He's been spending all his time with this gorgeous young blonde . . . in hotel rooms . . . in the backs of cars . . . all over town! He never leaves her side . . . night or day!
I TOLD you he was faithful!
Well, I'm gonna see your Mr. Mulebray myself, and get to the bottom of this!

Can you tell me where the Horace Mulebray house is . . . ?
That's it . . . on top of the hill!
WHAT?!? That one?!? !—I can't believe that a guy who works for the City lives in a plush villa like that!! How do I get there?
You make a right at the Police Chief's mansion, go past the Fire Chief's chateau, and turn left at the Garbage Commissioner's estate . . .
I'm sorry, Mr. Giddy, but my Husband is not at home!
Gee, I still can't get over this incredible place! How does a man who works for the Water Department build a house like this!
He didn't build it, silly!
Actually, he bought it from the Dog Catcher!
Aha! I knew it!
ENOUGH already!
I wonder where Mulebray is? I lost his trail at this dam! Well, if it isn't my old friend. Lt. Escargot!
Hi, Joke! I haven't seen you since we both walked a beat in Chinatown!
Don't remind me of Chinatown!! Understand?!?! Never, never say ANYTHING that reminds me of CHINATOWN!
Okay! Okay! So you still can't face life, can you, Joke? So you're still yellow?
YELLOW! I told you not to remind me of Chinatown! No, whatever you do . . . don't say "lechee nuts!"
Why the hell should I say "lechee nuts?"
You said it! You said it!
Okay, now what are you doing here, Joke?
I'm looking for Horace Mulebray, the dullest, most boring man who ever lived!
There he is! He's DEAD!
How can you tell?
Don't get smart! We found him drowned, with a one ton weight tied to his feet!
WON-TON! WON-TON! You did it again!!
I wonder how Mulebray could have drowned! Let's see . . . the last time I saw him, he was walking through this reservoir, which has been bone-dry for the past five years! Then . . .
Wait a minute!
glub glub
It may not be much . . .
glub glub
. . . but I think I've got a clue!!

This property is **OFF-LIMITS!** What are you **doing** here?

I was walking through this **dry reservoir,** when all of a sudden—**whoosh!** Lucky for me I was wearing my **swim suit!**

**THAT's a swim suit?!?**

Well . . . **not exactly!** I **usually** wear it to go **SURFING!!**

You know what **happens** to **wise guys** who stick their **noses** into **other people's business?**

They get their noses **cut off!** And that's just a **sample!** If you don't beat it **right now,** I'm gonna do something a **lot worse!**

You don't frighten **me,** you punk!

I **don't,** eh? Well, y'know what I'm gonna cut off next?!?

You can save your breath! I'm **staying!**

I'm gonna cut off your **polka dot tie!**

GLICK!

**ANIMAL!!**

**ANIMAL!!**

Mrs. Mulebray, I've just uncovered evidence that your late husband had a **business partner,** and his name is **Jonas Crass!**

That's **right!** He's my **Father,** and I **hate his guts!**

**Aha!** Now, we're **getting** some place! A woman who claims she's **you,** but **isn't** you, has me tail her **Husband,** who's really **your** Husband, because he's fooling around with a **young blonde,** which is **your** concern, not **hers,** and so I **follow** him, and I meet a Lieutenant who reminds me of **Chinatown,** and now it seems all of us are after the **same man,** and whoever finds him **first** will probably **kill** him!

My **father?**

No, the guy who wrote this **screenplay!**

Mr. Crass, your **daughter** tells me you're the **richest** most **ruthless** and **vilest** man in the **whole world!**

**Don't** try to **butter me up!**

How did you **make** all your money, Sir?

**Water,** man! **Water!** I own all the **water** in the **world outright,** including **all** the **oceans!** Except the **Pacific!** That's in my **Wife's** name!

Gee . . . **"Water King of the World!"** How did you ever get into **that** position?

**I started** at the **BOTTOM!!**

. . . so your Father has been buying up arid land **cheap!** Then he plans on **irrigating** the land and selling it at a **huge profit!** Your Husband was apparently **on** to his scheme, so your Father may have **killed** him! **Now,** all we have to figure out is: Who was that **woman** who pretended to be **you?** Who was the **blonde?** Why does **Chinatown** drive me **bananas?** And what does all **that** have to do with the poor people in this **Old Aged Home . . . ?**

How old are **you,** Ma'am?

Right **now,** I'm **not so sure!** I was **23** when you **started** that **last speech!**

I was thinking! This movie is two hours old already, and there's been practically no sex! Can you think of anything to say that will lead to a carefully-motivated, soft, tender love scene that's appropriate for a picture that Critics will acclaim as one of the greatest films of our time?

Yecch! What a mess! Hey! You wanna help me clean my nose?

THAT did it!! Darling, I love you! Kiss me . .

Oh, boy . . . bloody noses really turn me on!

How do you feel about a punch in the mouth!

Later . . Darling! Later!

I know that it's painful for you, but tell me about China-town?

Well, okay! But just this once! Y'know how it is to fall in love for the first time? Well, it happened to me twelve years ago! And I lost my love in Chinatown! Now . . . don't ever remind me of Chinatown again!!

Poor Darling! Now, while I'm getting dressed, how would you like a Fortune . . .

Don't say it! DON'T SAY IT!

MAGAZINE to read! *Ha-ha!* Had you going for a minute, didn't I? Bet you thought I was going to say, "Fortune COOKIE!"

AAAARRRGH!!

She said that she had to go someplace, and that I shouldn't follow her! But I followed her anyway . . . and look at that! It's the young blonde that old Mulebray was fooling around with! I wonder what the connection is between them? I wonder where all this will lead to? I wonder if anybody cares??

C'mon! Talk! What's the blonde to you?

She's my Sister!

SLAP

She's my Daughter!

SLAP

She's my Sister!

AND my Daughter!!

SLAP SLAP

She's my Sister . . .

AND my Daughter . . .

AND my Father is my HUSBAND!!

SLAP SLAP SLAP

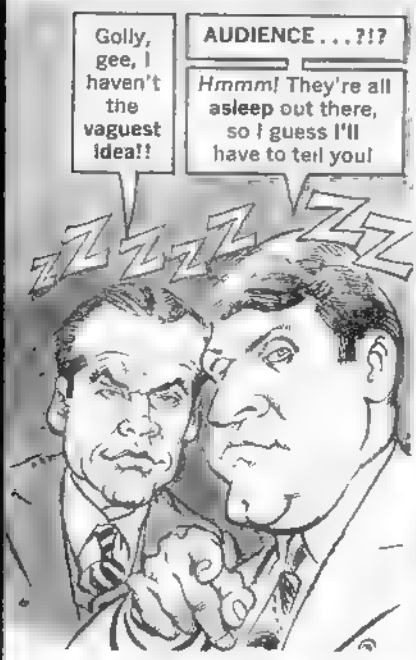
Because he's HER Father!!

SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP

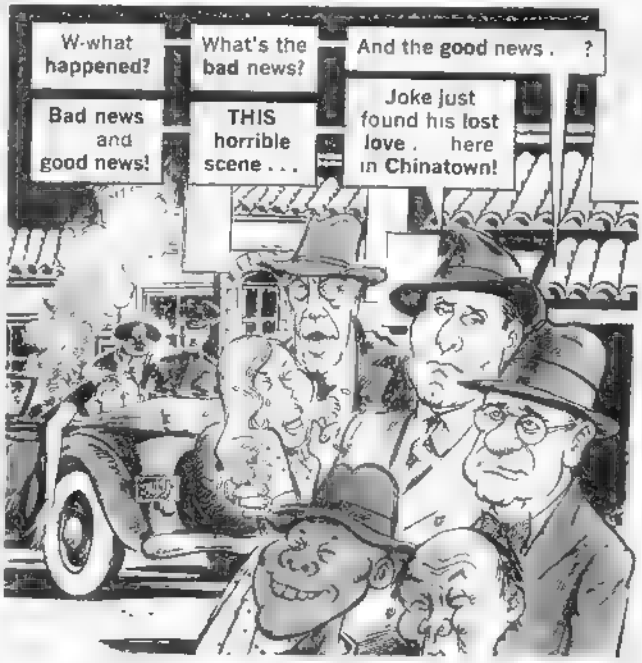
Shouldn't that be ONE slap?!

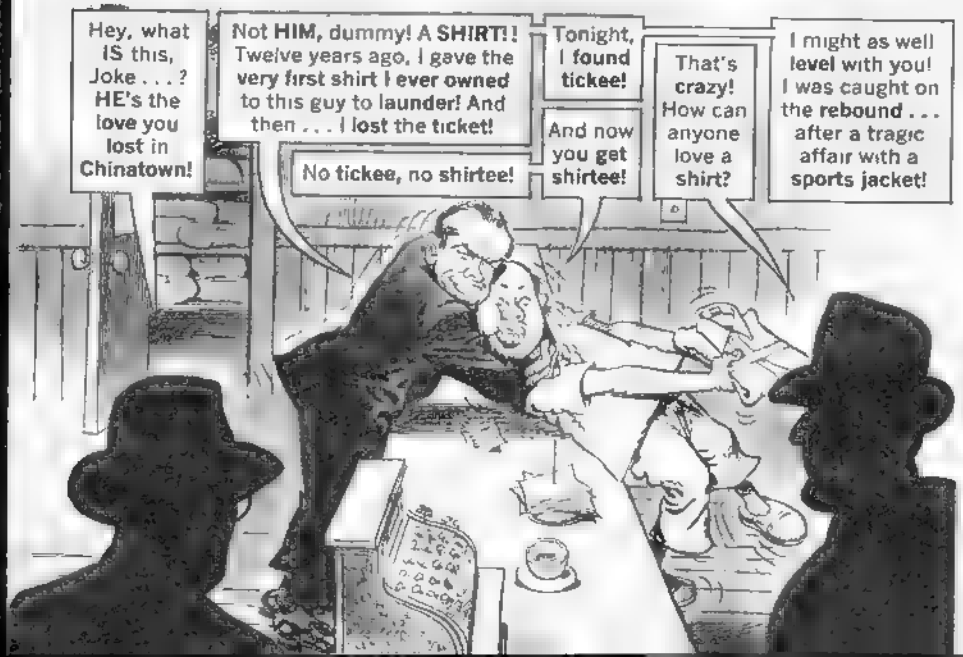
Sorry!
That's better!
SLAP!

Well, Joke! The case is just about solved!
Mrs. Mulebray gave her husband permission to fool around with her Sister—Daughter so she could fool around with other guys!
Crass hired the fake Mrs. Mulebray to frame Mr. Mulebray, who was on to his land-swindle, and because he also wanted to fool around with his Daughter—Granddaughter!!
Then Crass killed Mulebray! And now, we're ready for the big showdown! And guess where we all meet for the Grand Finale! C'mon, take ONE TEENSY GUESS!


Golly, gee, I haven't the vaguest idea!!
AUDIENCE . . . ?!?
Hmmm! They're all asleep out there, so I guess I'll have to tell you!
ZZ ZZ ZZ

CHINATOWN!!
No! No! Not Chinatown! I can't go back there! It's too painful!!
Pain?! Pain?! What do YOU know about pain?!? Look what that Audience out there has been through!


W-what happened?
Bad news and good news!
What's the bad news?
THIS horrible scene . . .
And the good news . ?
Joke just found his lost love . here in Chinatown!


Hey, what IS this, Joke . . . ? HE's the love you lost in Chinatown!
Not HIM, dummy! A SHIRT!! Twelve years ago, I gave the very first shirt I ever owned to this guy to launder! And then . . . I lost the ticket!
No tickee, no shirtee!
Tonight, I found tickee!
And now you get shirtee!
That's crazy! How can anyone love a shirt?
I might as well level with you! I was caught on the rebound . . . after a tragic affair with a sports jacket!

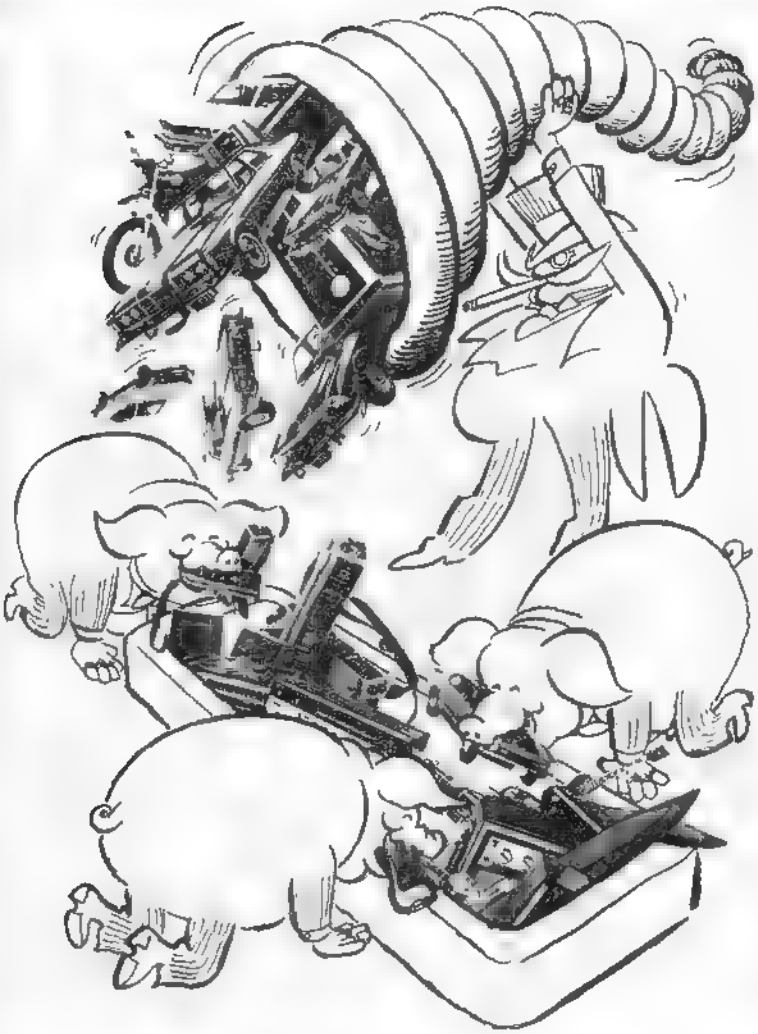
Gee . . . I guess all's well that ends well!
Er—not quite!!
IDIOT! Can't you remember ANYTHING? I said NO STARCH! NO STARCH!!

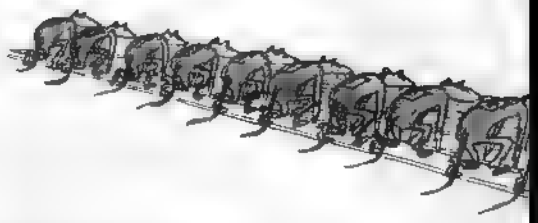
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

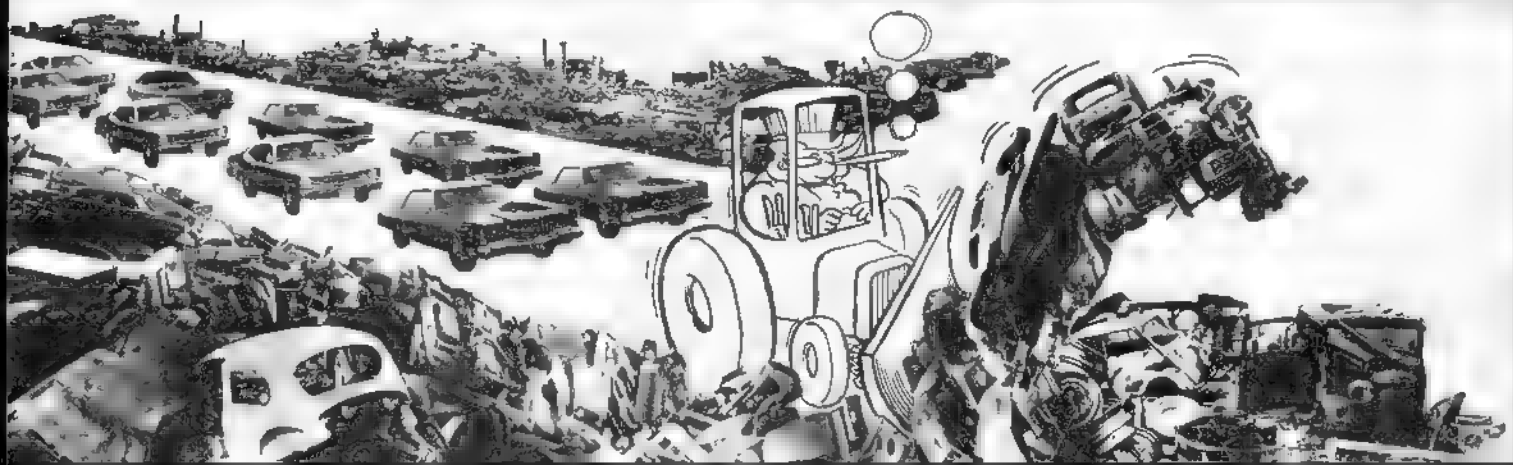
# ONE SATURDAY MORNING IN A SUPERMARKET

POSSESSION IS 9/10THS OF THE LURE DEPT.

# A MAD LOOK AT OUR







# CONSUMER SOCIETY

WRITER & ARTIST: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

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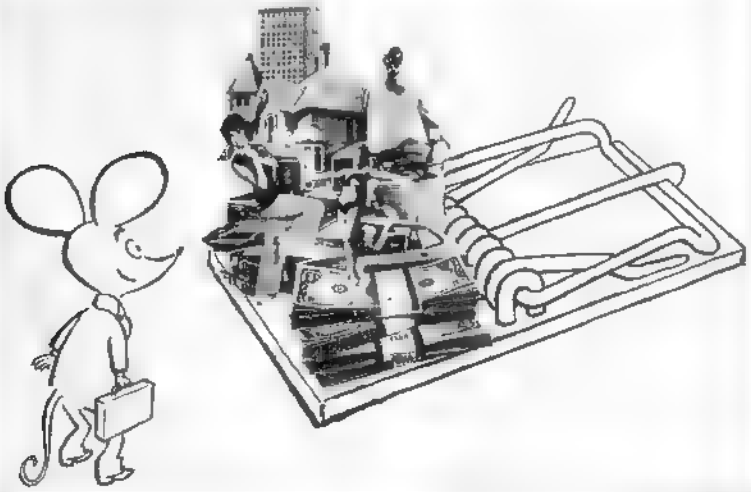


# MEDICAL CONFIDENTIAL

THE DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM MAGAZINE

Colds and Flu Season 1975

ARE YOU EMOTIONALLY PREPARED FOR IMMEDIATE HOSPITALIZATION?

*A Grateful Patient Speaks Out:* "IT WAS WELL WORTH $185 TO HAVE MY BOIL LANCED!"

*Why Blue Cross Does Not Cover Our Fee For Filling Blue Cross Forms*

INSTALLMENT 19 OF A 47-PART SERIES: *"Those Painful Ailments You Can't Expect Medical Science To Cure"*

If You Have To "GO" . . . Don't! The Nurse May Be Asking You For A Specimen!

# REPAIR ROUNDUP

THE AUTO MECHANIC'S WAITING ROOM COMPANION

MAY 1975 (July At The Latest!)

WHY COSTS HAVE RISEN SHARPLY SINCE YOU GOT THAT REPAIR ESTIMATE YESTERDAY MORNING

*Why 4-Cylinder Cars Often Require 8 New Spark Plugs*

NEVER ARGUE WITH YOUR MECHANIC! Anybody Who Can Lift An Engine Block Can Fracture Your Pelvis!

The Victim Of A Major Mechanical Breakdown Tells All: "I NEGLECTED TO HAVE MY GRIMMISH REPLACED EVERY 10,000 MILES!"

Why An Overhauled Car You Pick Up Today Can Develop Serious New Trouble On The Way Home From The Garage

IGNORING THAT STRANGE RATTLE MIGHT COST YOU YOUR LIFE!

This Month's Special Article: A $400 OVERHAUL NOW COULD SAVE YOU FROM A BIG REPAIR BILL LATER!

SETTING UP FOR THE BILL DEPT.

ANYONE who has ever been trapped in an office waiting room quickly realizes that there are two basic things wrong with the magazines piled there: they are inevitably old, and they are incredibly dull. Strangely, the doctors, businessmen and other people who maintain those waiting rooms never seem to realize that, from their own standpoint, too, the magazines actually have two basic things wrong with them: they don't do a thing to increase business, and they don't even

# SPECIALIZED FOR OFFICE W

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

# EYES RIGHT

THE MAGAZINE FOR OPTOMETRY PATIENTS

JULY AUGUST SEPTEMBER

HOW CONTACT LENSES CAN SPARE YOU FROM BEING CALLED "FOUR EYES"

• • •

A Dramatic First Person Account: "UNBREAKABLE $75 LENSES SAVED MY LIFE IN THE ALASKA EARTHQUAKE!"

• • •

Your Alternative To The Rising Cost Of Glasses: A $2,000.00 GUIDE DOG

• • •

THE OLD RELIABLE

E
CB
DLN
PTER

CHART HAS BEEN CHANGED SO DON'T TRY TO GUESS!

• • •

Another Miraculous 20-20 Vision Story: "NOW I CAN READ ALL SIX PAGES OF MY ITEMIZED OPTOMETRY BILL CLEARLY!"

• • •

A DELIGHTED WIDOW TELLS HER OPTOMETRY STORY. "I Found Independence By Being Able To Look Up My Own Phone Numbers!"

OCCASIONAL BLURRED VISION MAY MEAN YOU NEED EXPENSIVE BIFOCALS

prepare the waiting room inmates psychologically for their coming appointments. In short, there's nothing in an old copy of "Good Housekeeping" or "Sports Illustrated" that enables a professional person to go "one up" on his patient or customer before the two ever meet. Yes, MAD thinks that a golden opportunity is being missed. The captive audience is there, ready to be frightened or even fleeced, and what the situation clearly calls for is a whole brand new, cleverly angled line of . . .

# MAGAZINES AITING ROOMS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

## Making Waves

*Kinky Reading For The Beauty Shop Patron*

Dry, Bleached Summer Issue 1975

BLONDES PROBABLY HAVE MORE FUN, AND IT'S CERTAINLY WORTH $25 TO FIND OUT

* * *

A PATRON WHO ORDERED THE CHEAPEST DYE JOB REPORTS: "Now Everybody Mistakes Me For A Movie Star . . . Yul Brynner!"

* * *

SHOULD YOU GET EXPENSIVE PEDICURES IN WINTER WHEN YOU ONLY WEAR HIGH BOOTS? The Story Of One Woman's Embarrassment When She Slipped On The Ice, Turned Her Ankle, And They Removed Her Galashes In Public

* * *

THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR YOUR MALE HAIRDRESSER: **Gold Lame Socks**

* * *

"Making Waves" Survey Report "PROFESSIONAL MANICURES: WHY THEY TURN MEN ON!"

* * *

How Trading Mean Gossip With Your Beautician Releases Tension And Makes You Look Lovelier

This Month's Exciting Cosmetic Tip: HOW YOUR BEAUTY SHOP'S SPECIAL CONDITIONING TREATMENT SHRINKS YOUR SKIN TO FIT YOUR FACE

## Body English

Cold Grey Winter 1975

### The Funeral Home Browser

FUN THINGS TO READ WHILE WAITING FOR YOUR GRIEF COUNSELOR

SUPPOSE YOU DO RECRUIT AMATEUR PALL BEARERS— AND THEY DROP THE BOX?

Insisting On Your Own Minister Could Result In A Bush League Eulogy

WHO SAYS THE DEAR DEPARTED CAN'T ENJOY $50 WORTH OF ORGAN MUSIC?

A Young Couple's Tale Of Devotion: "WE SOLD OUR HOME AND BOUGHT A MAUSOELUM SO THAT GRANDPA COULD HAVE HIS OWN ROOM!"

Why Risk Letting Mourning Relatives Drive With Tears In Their Eyes When They Can Drive Safely In Chauffeured Limousines?

AN IOWA WIDOW SHARES HER COMFORTING MEMORIES: "Claude's Funeral Was The Nicest Thing That Ever Happened To Him!"

THE MONTH'S BEST IN MORTUARY HUMOR

Turn To Page 84

## IMPACTED WISDOM

### FACTUAL FEATURES OF VITAL INTEREST TO DENTAL PATIENTS

Six-Month Check-Up Time 1975

HOW BAD BREATH CAN ANGER THE DENTIST INTO DRILLING UNMERCIFULLY!

How Gumming Mushy Foods For The Rest Of Your Life Can Be Fun

WISE ADVICE FROM AN ORTHODONTIST: **"Put Your Money Where Your Kid's Mouth Is!"**

YOUR BEST HEDGE AGAINST RUNAWAY INFLATION: A Mouthful Of Gold Inlays

Why A Tropical Cruise Helps To Keep Your Dentist's Hands From Shaking

SWALLOWING LITTLE BITS OF SILVER FILLINGS CAN'T KILL YOU!

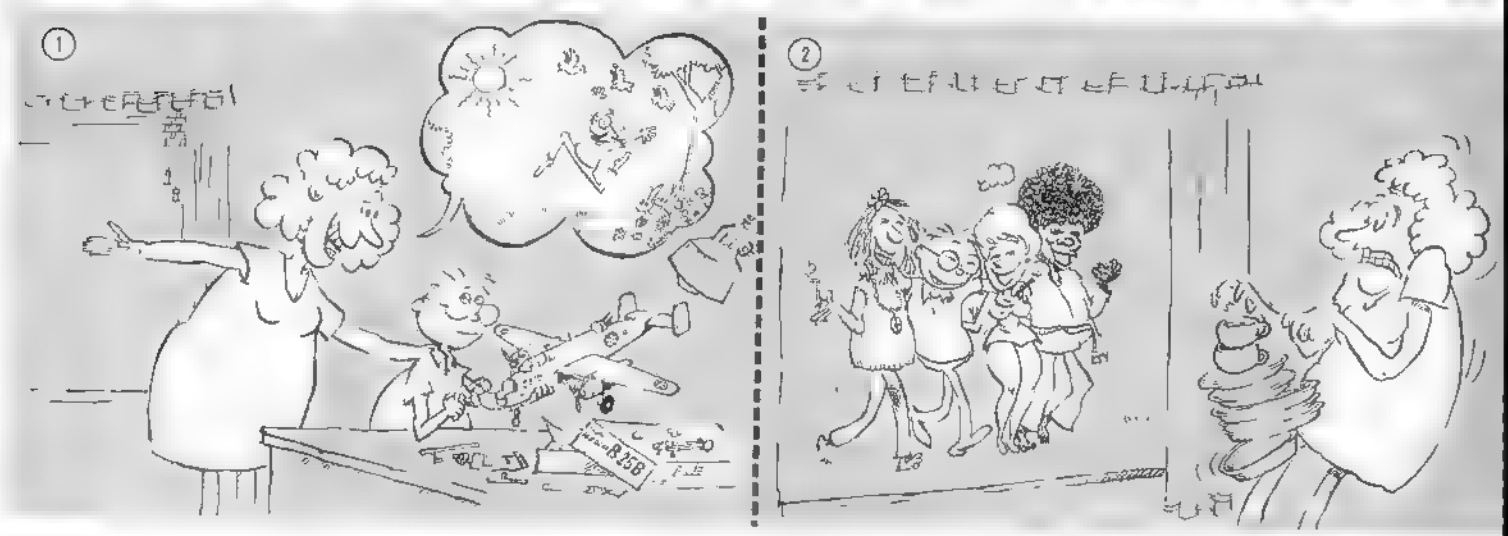
SPECIAL REPORT

**"There's No Truth To The Rumor That They Turn Up The Muzak To Drown Out The Sound Of Screaming!"**

KIT STUFF DEPT.

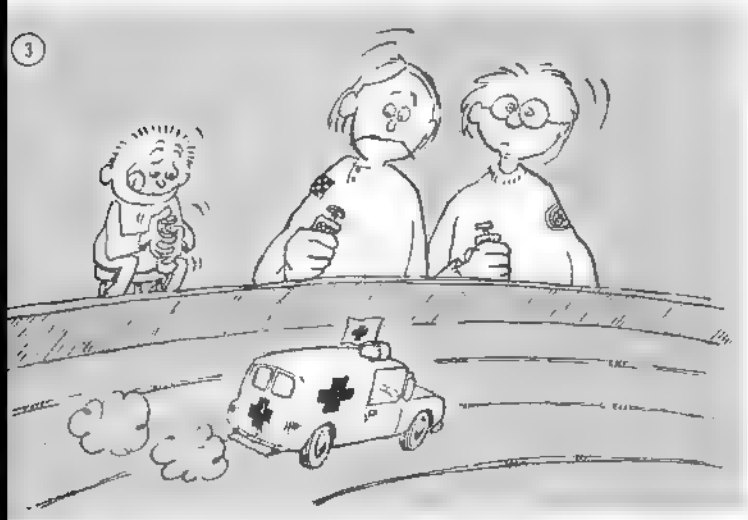
# A MAD LOOK AT...

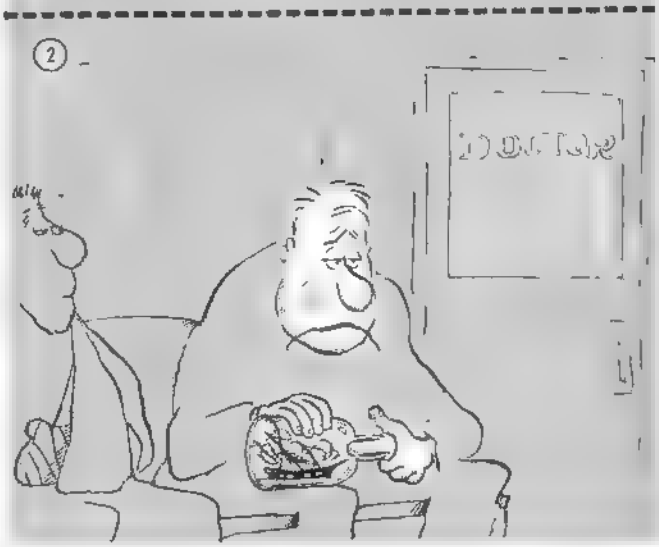
# MODEL-BUI

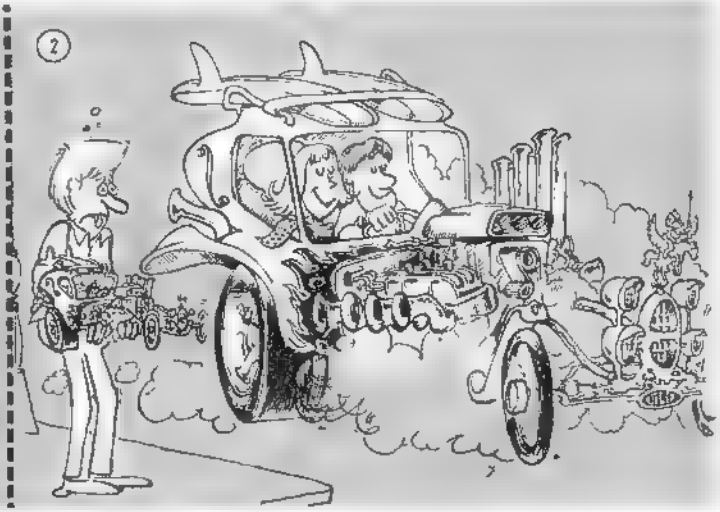


# LDING

ARTIST & WRITER SERGIO ARAGONES





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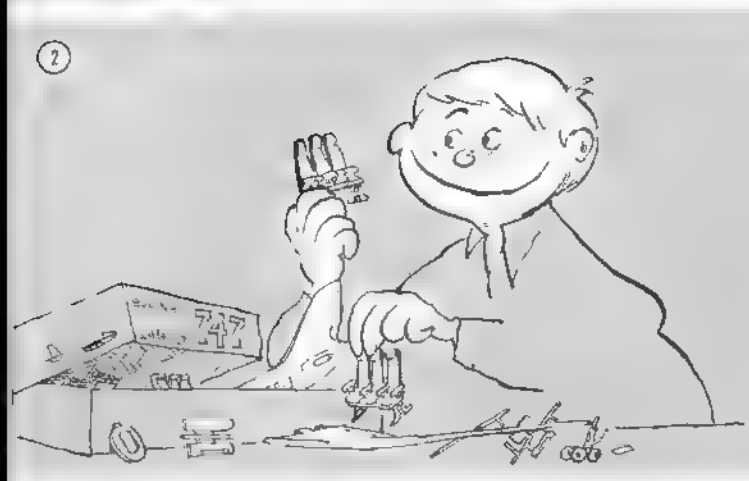
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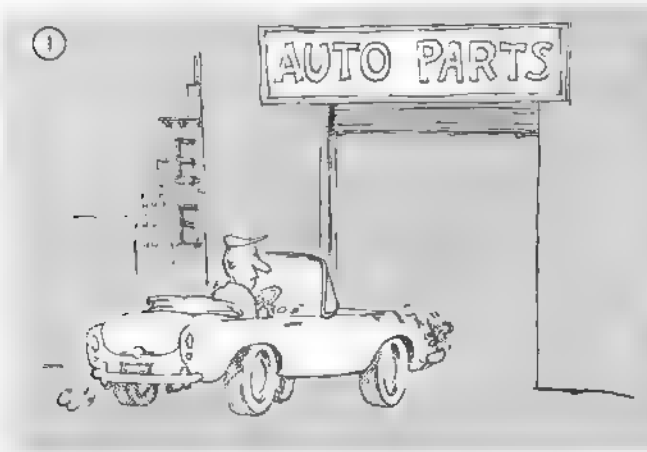
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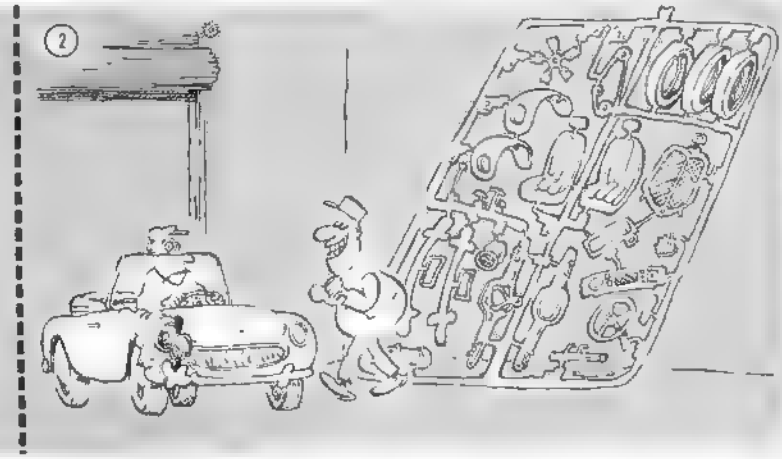
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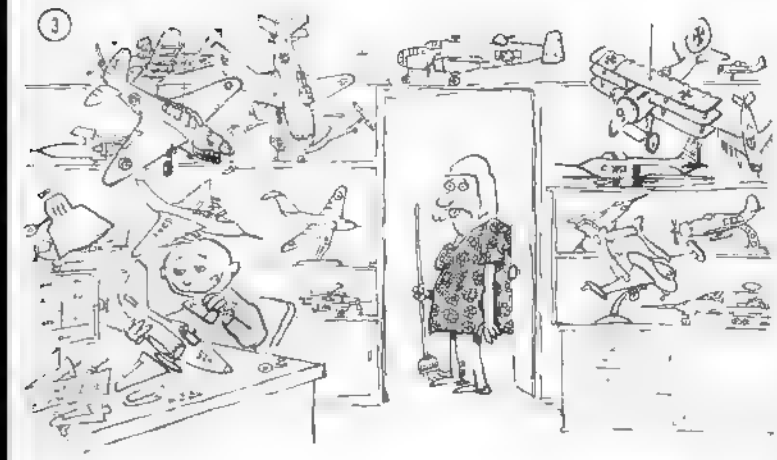
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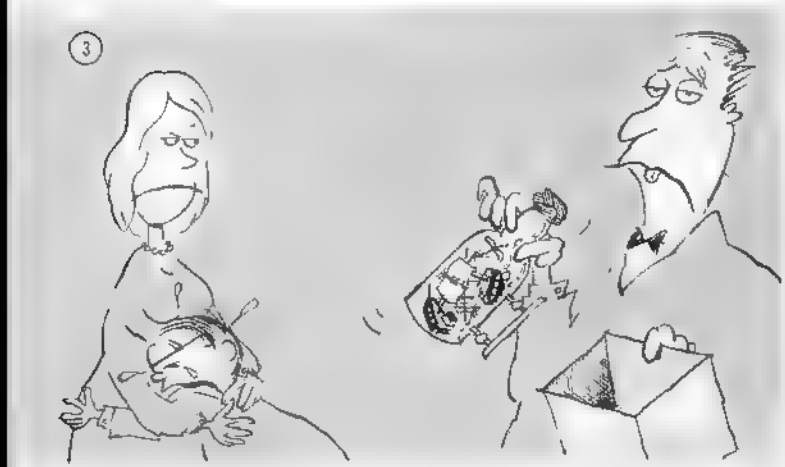
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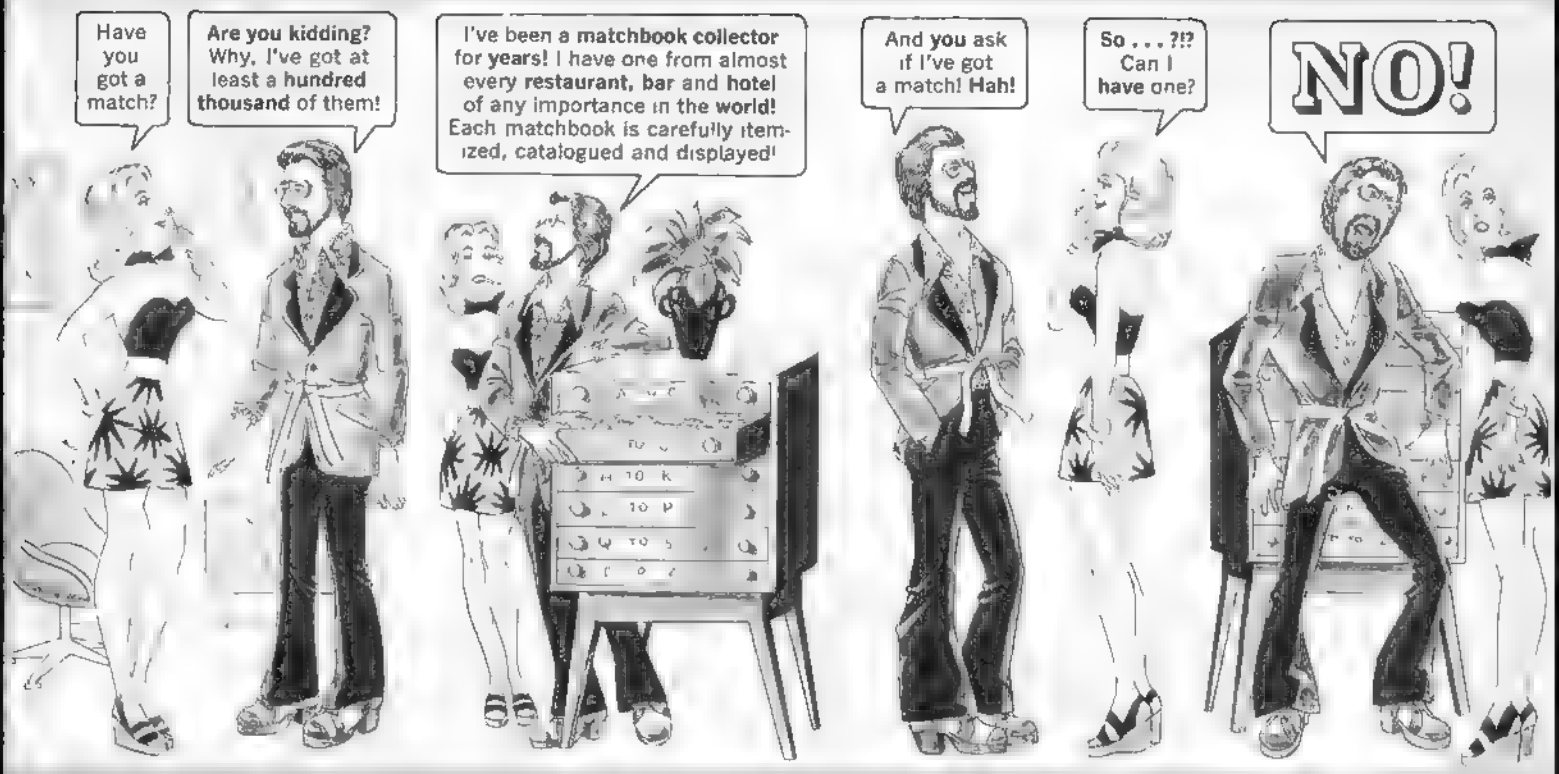
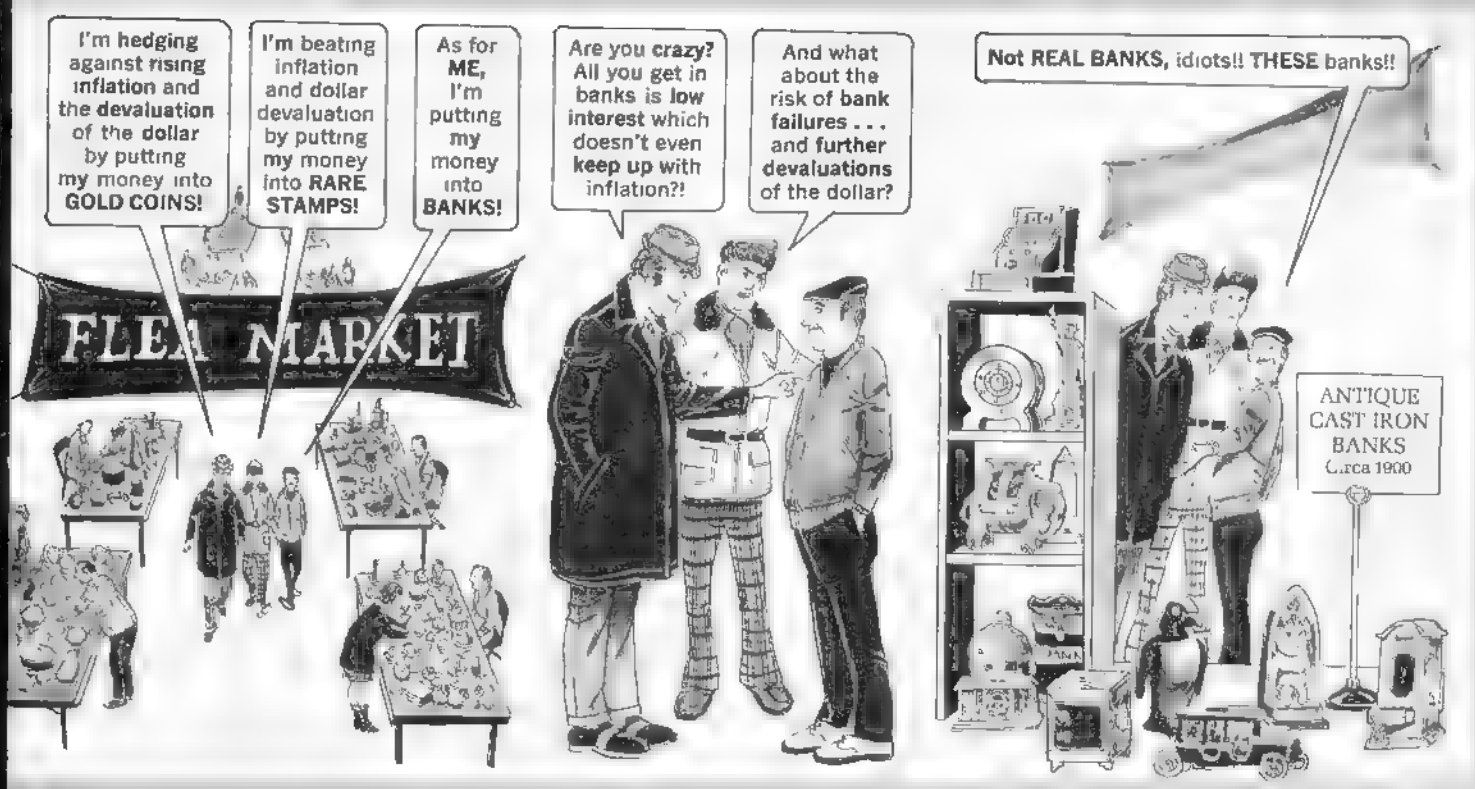


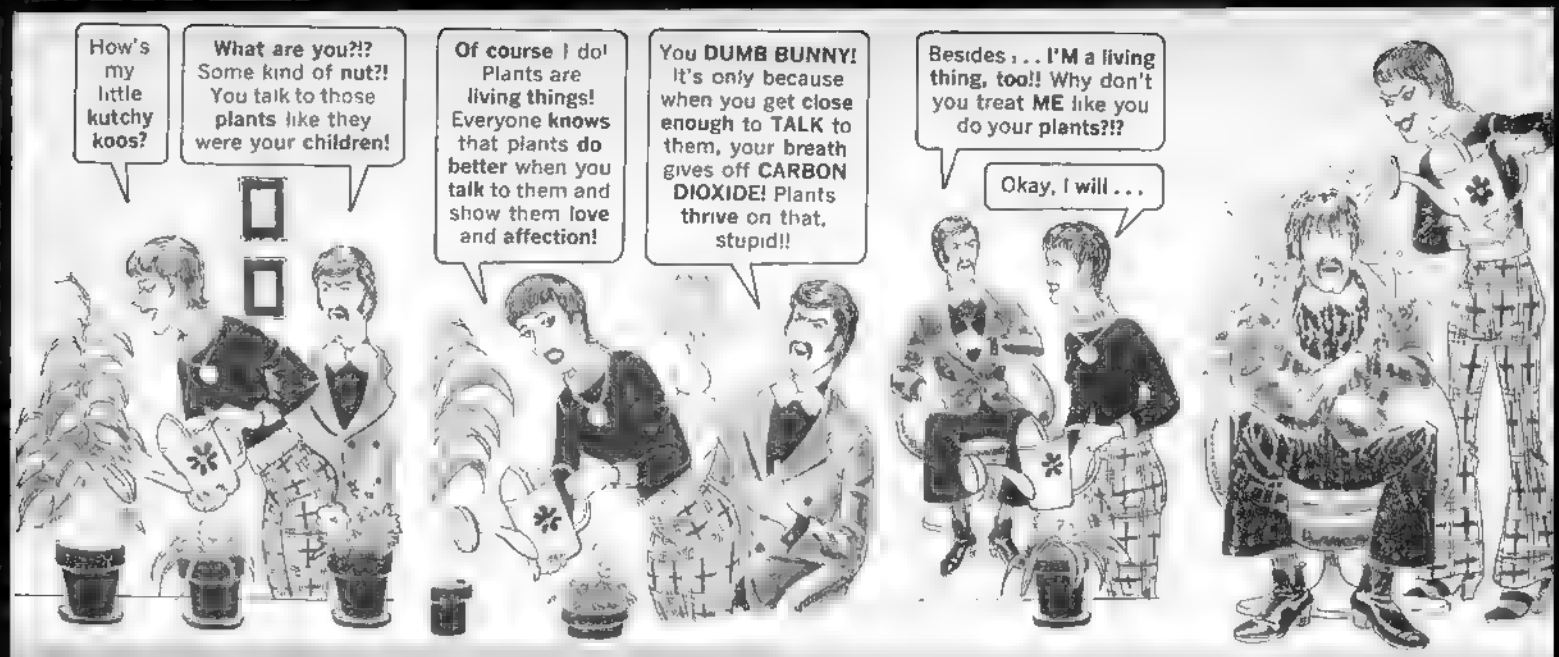

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... COL



# LECTING

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG


How's my little kutchy koos?
What are you?!? Some kind of nut?! You talk to those plants like they were your children!
Of course I do! Plants are living things! Everyone knows that plants do better when you talk to them and show them love and affection!
You DUMB BUNNY! It's only because when you get close enough to TALK to them, your breath gives off CARBON DIOXIDE! Plants thrive on that, stupid!!
Besides . . . I'M a living thing, too!! Why don't you treat ME like you do your plants?!?
Okay, I will . . .

Oh, my . . . what TREASURES!!
A "Harper's Bazaar" from 1922! A "Ladies Home Journal" from 1927! A "Colliers" from 1930! A "National Geographic" from 1932 . . . and so on, and so on!!
Vivian, darling! I didn't know you had such exquisite taste—collecting rare old magazines!
You flatter me too much!
Actually, I never got around to throwing them out!

I save precious metals! Just look at all these gold, silver and platinum ingots! Prices keep changing, but you'd be amazed how much just one ounce of this stuff costs!
That I can understand! But what about all this junk?
Junk?!? Are you out of your skull? These old brass plumbing fixtures and copper drain pipes are worth a FORTUNE!!
With all these pieces of precious metal lying around, aren't you afraid of being robbed?
Nahh! For that I've got another piece of precious metal!
A GUN!!

Holy cow! Look who's roaming the streets . . free as a bird!
Who is he?
That's Willy "The Greek" Manicotti! He's number one on your "Top Ten" list of Syndicate Racketeers! He's probably responsible for more deaths per year than the Jersey Turnpike!
Oh, wow! He's a celebrity! I gotta ask him something!
Hey, come back!! Are you out of your bird?!
Can I please have your autograph, Mr. Manicotti? It's for my collection!!
That 18-year-old brother of mine is WEIRD! He collects records!
What's weird about that? Doesn't EVERY kid?
But he's got so many of them!
What's weird about that? Doesn't EVERY kid?
But he plays them so LOUD!
What's weird about that? Doesn't EVERY kid?
Bach . . . Brahms . . . and Beethoven?!?
THAT's weird!!
What a magnificent array of dolls!
It's my daughter's! I've been collecting them for her for years, even before she was born! They come from all over the world!
You're a very lucky girl to have so many beautiful dolls to play with . . .!
If she so much as TOUCHES one, I'LL BREAK HER ARM!!

I understand you collect **FROGS!**

That's **right,** I've got **all kinds!** I have them in **ivory, porcelain, bronze, wood . . .**

**I know!** That's why I've brought you **another** one!

**Really?** How **nice** of you! What's **this** one made of?

**FROG!!**

**YECH!! TAKE THAT ICKY THING AWAY!!**

Where **IS** that **man?!?**

**Harold!!** Are you **down** there?!? We'll be **late** for the **first act!!**

I was so busy with my **Clock Collection,** I forgot the **time!**

FOR THE MAN OF THE HOUR

This is my Husband's idiotic **Old Glass Jar collection!** And this is my Husband's idiotic **Old Bottle collection . . .**

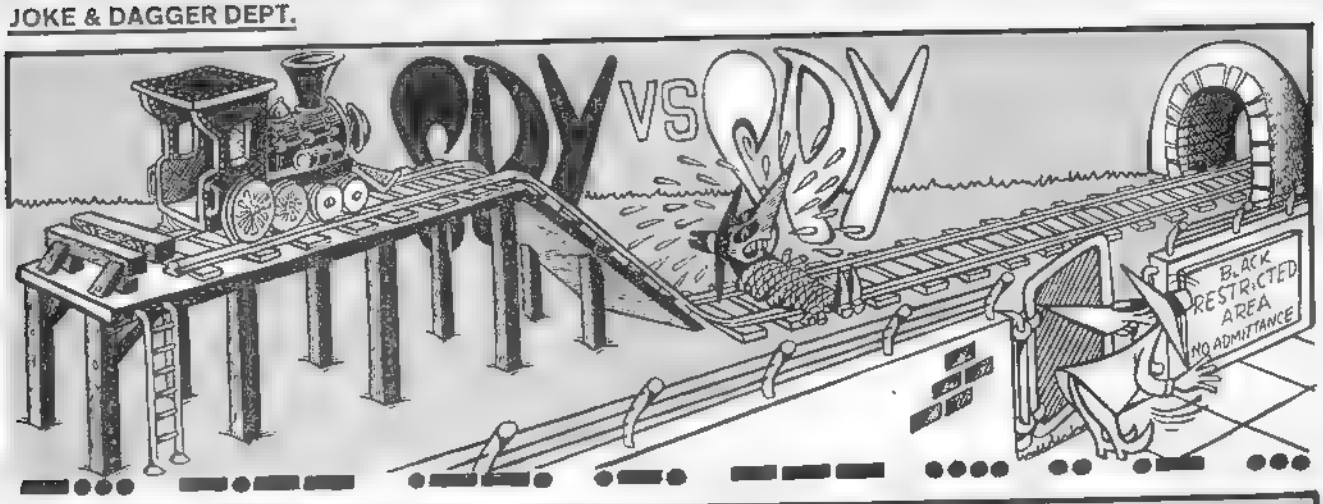
And this is my Husband's idiotic **Old Pocket Knife collection!** And this is my Husband's idiotic **Old Tin Toy collection . . .**

And this is **MY** collection . . .!

**Cardboard cartons?!?** That's even more idiotic than anything your **Husband** collects! What possible value is there in collecting **cartons . . .?**

To **throw out** all my Husband's **idiotic collections in!!**

David Berg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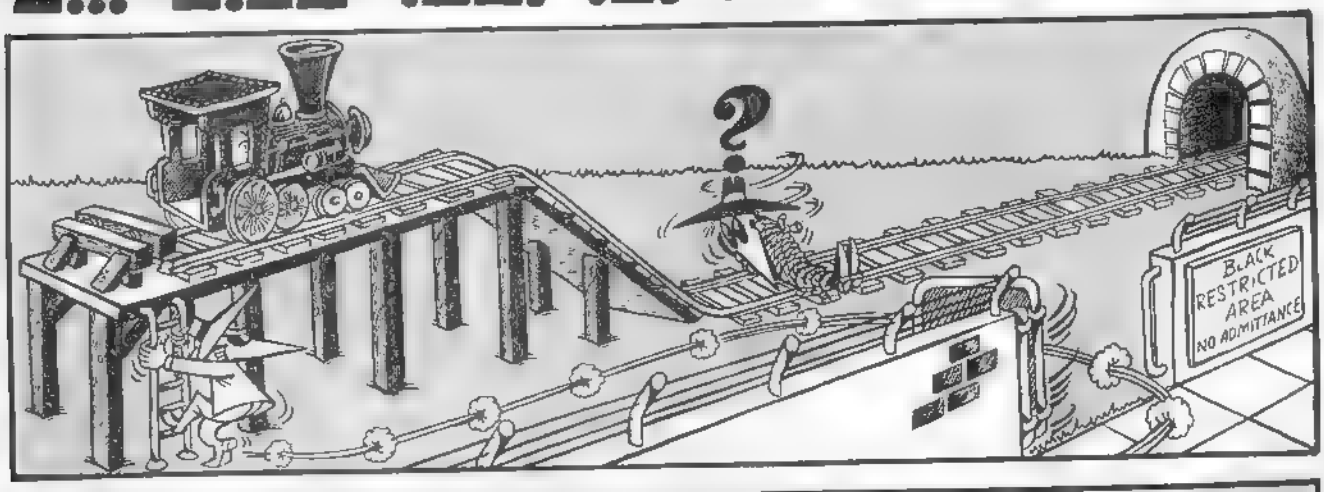
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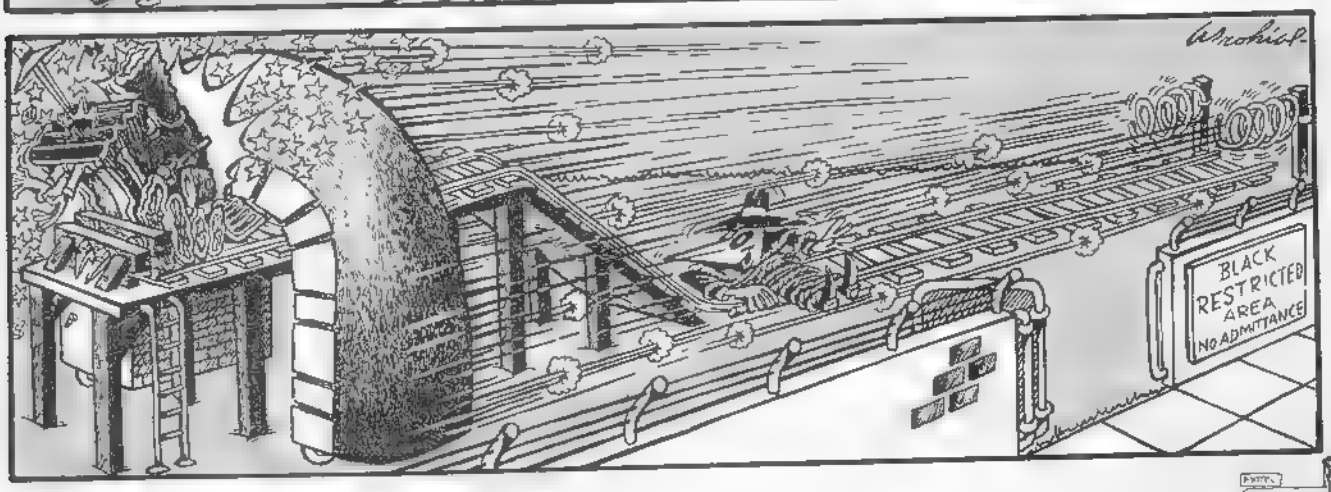

BLACK RESTRICTED AREA NO ADMITTANCE

# YOU KNOW YOU'RE REAL

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...

. . . you're constantly taking your dog to the Veterinarian for a check-up... and you haven't seen your own Doctor in years.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...

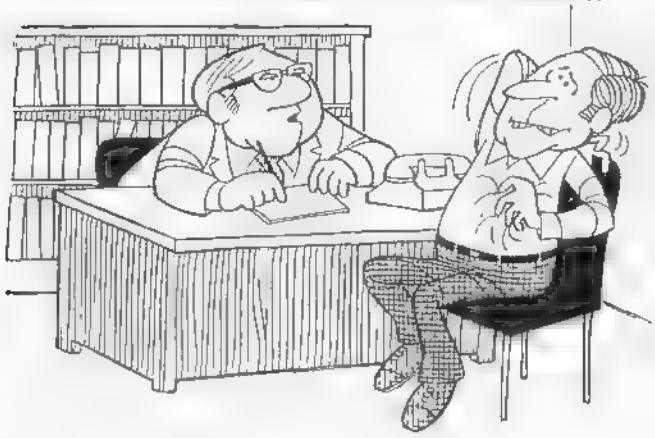
...you have your Tomcat "fixed"... and now all he does is sit around and stare at you.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...

. . . you force yourself to venture out during a howling blizzard because you discover you're out of cat food . . .

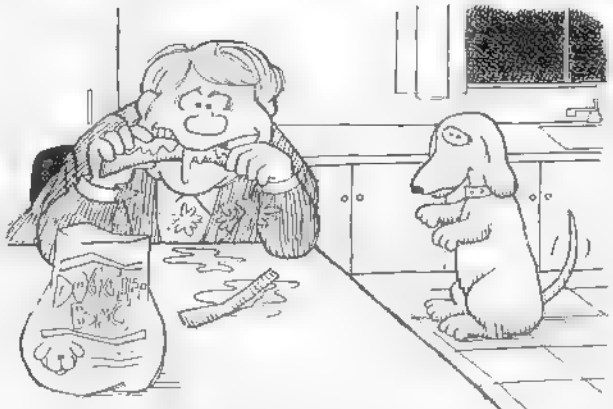
. . . and then she refuses to eat!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



. . . a Dermatologist charges you twenty-five bucks to come up with a diagnosis of your skin problem . . . mainly, fleas.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...

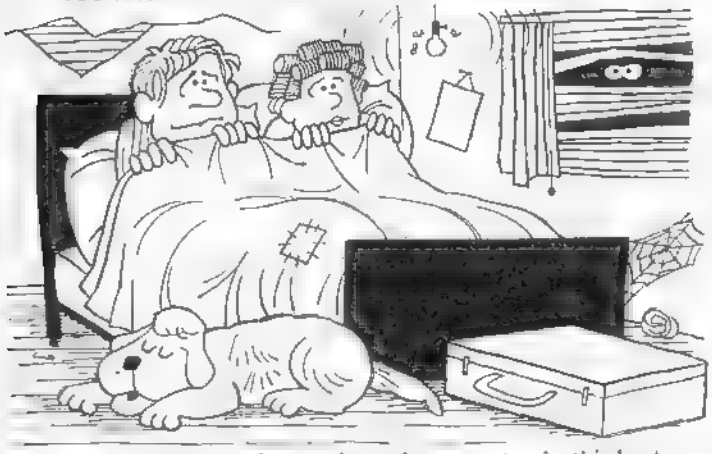


...you decide that the stuff you brought home in the Doggie-Bag is too good to give to a dog.

# LY A PET OWNER WHEN...

ARTIST & WRITER: LLOYD GOLA

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



. . . you go on a vacation, and you have to stay in third-rate motels because they're the only ones who will accept your dog.

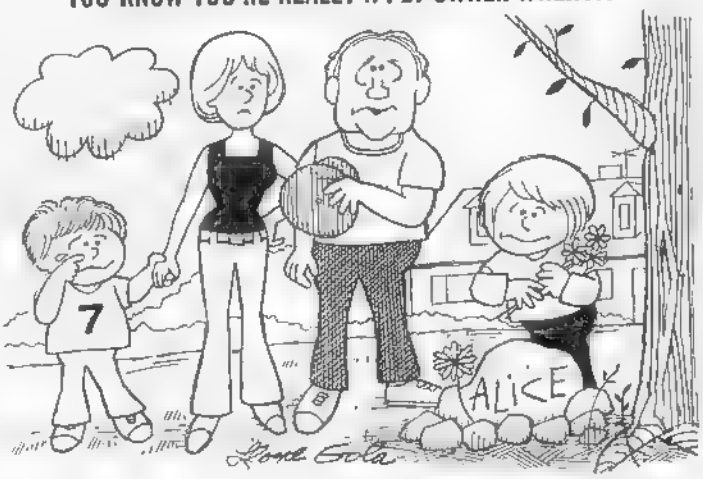
YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...

...you buy a dog because you're lonely ...and he sleeps for twenty hours a day.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...

. . . you get a "Poop-Scoop" for Christmas.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...




. . . you're asked to say a few words at a gerbil's funeral.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...

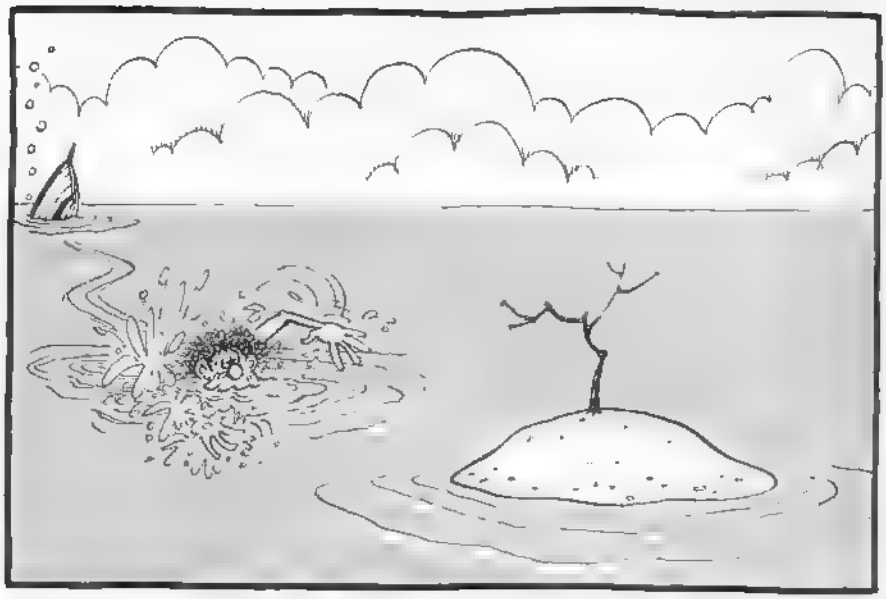
. . you have to explain to friends that you weren't in a horrible accident, but merely tried to give your cat a bath.

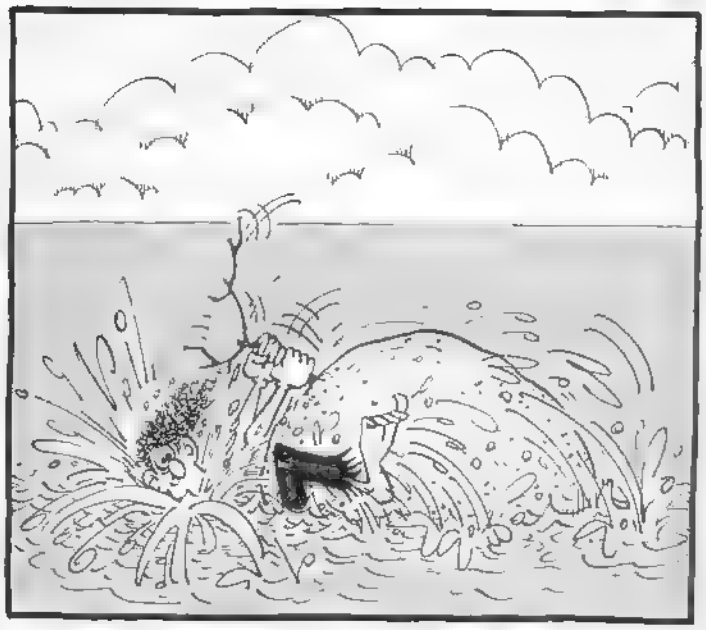
YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...

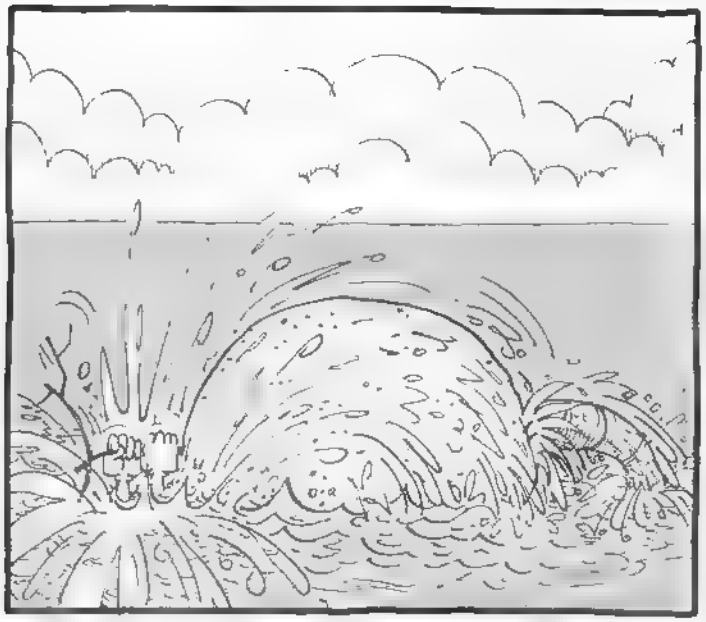
. . . your aged Bulldog spoils your big love scene by suddenly making the air unbreathable.

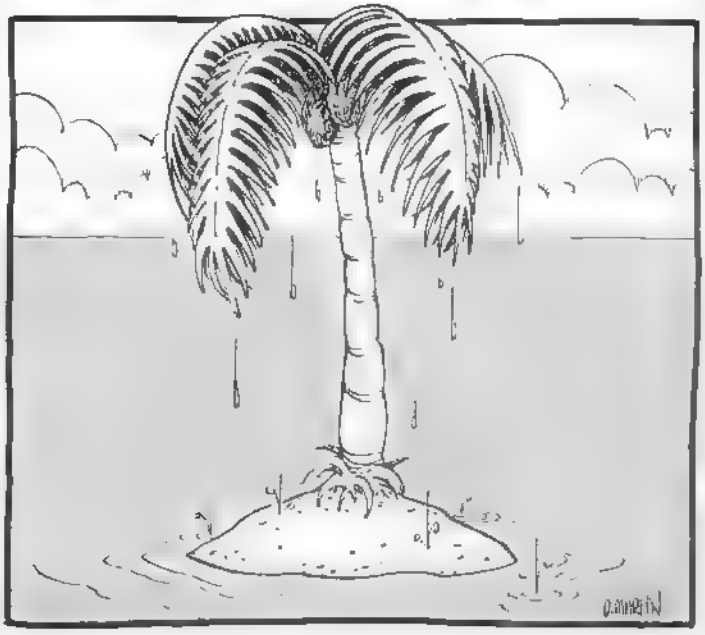
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

# ONE HOT SUNNY AFTERNOON IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN







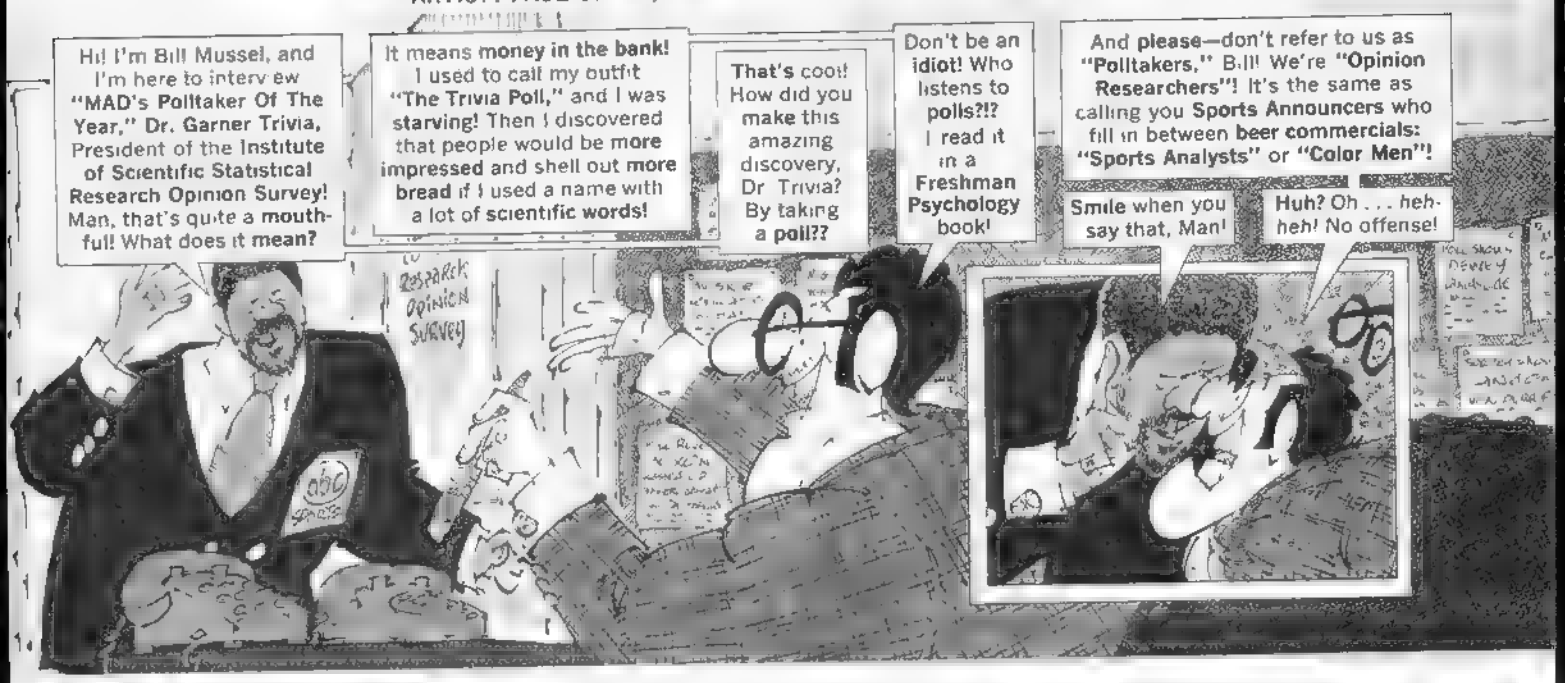


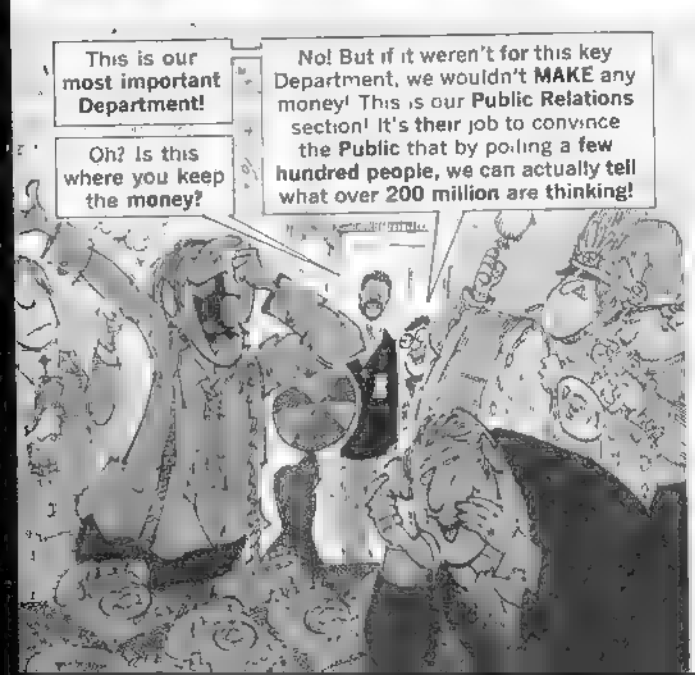
NUMBERS RACKET DEPT.

**Public Opinion Polls and Surveys are playing an increasingly important role in America today. If someone decides to run for President, or introduces a new toilet bowl cleaner, the first thing he does is have a Poll taken to see what his chances are of being elected . . . or having his product dumped into the nation's Johns. Are these polls necessary, and do they give a true cross section of public opinion? Well, you sure won't find out the answers to these questions by reading this article! But join us anyway as we interview**

# MAD'S POLL-TAKER OF THE YEAR

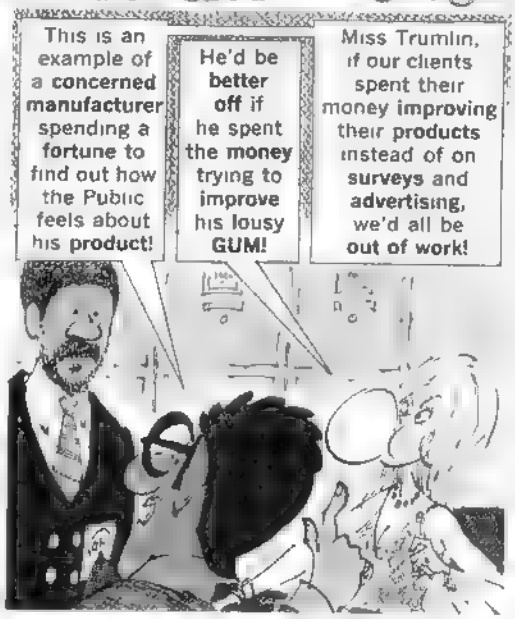
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITE: LOU SILVERSTONE

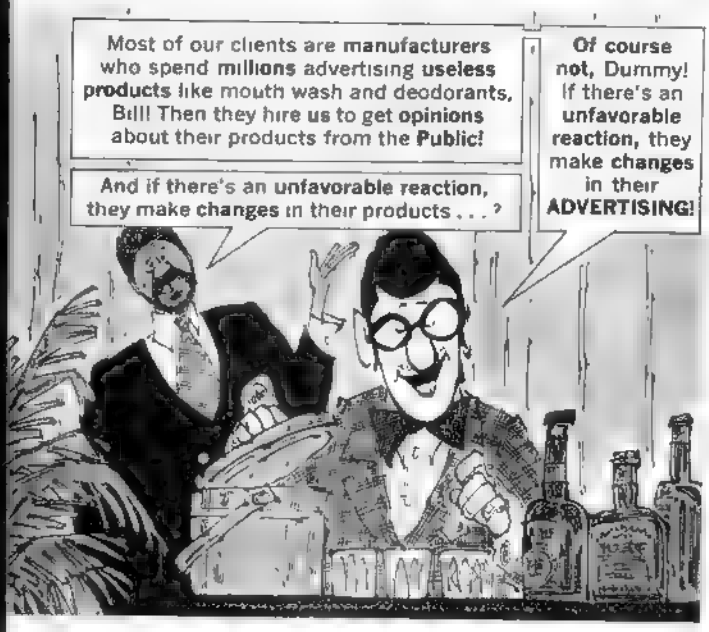


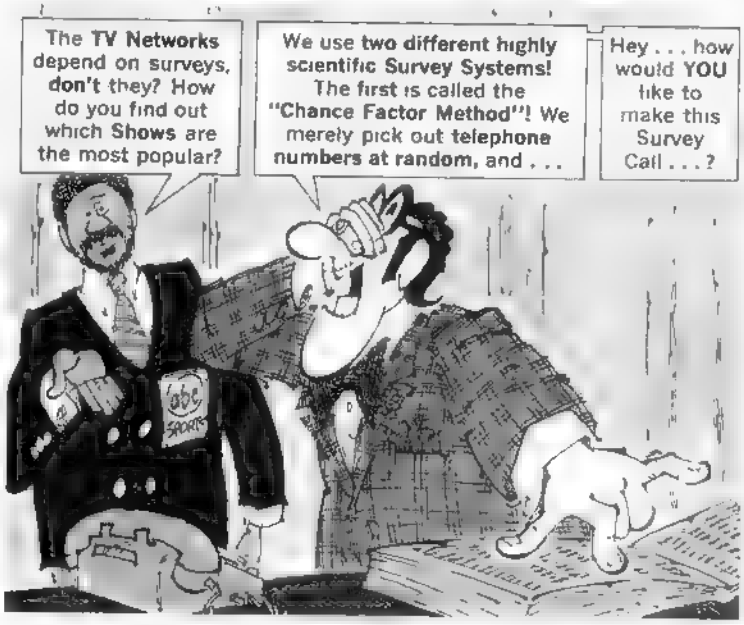



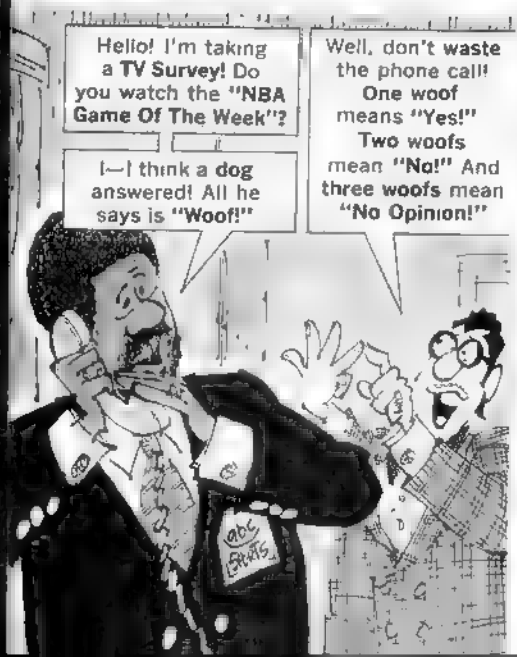
I'm conducting a survey, sir! What brand of bubble gum do you find makes the best bubbles?
Hey! I thought you said it was a vital issue!
It is, if you own a Bubble Gum Factory!

I don't chew bubble gum, Lady! I wear false teeth!
Do any members of your family chew Slop's Bubble Gum?
My son LeRoy! He doesn't exactly chew it! He buys it for the BASEBALL CARDS, and throws the gum away!


This is an example of a concerned manufacturer spending a fortune to find out how the Public feels about his product!
He'd be better off if he spent the money trying to improve his lousy GUM!
Miss Trumlin, if our clients spent their money improving their products instead of on surveys and advertising, we'd all be out of work!


Most of our clients are manufacturers who spend millions advertising useless products like mouth wash and deodorants, Bill! Then they hire us to get opinions about their products from the Public!
And if there's an unfavorable reaction, they make changes in their products . . . ?
Of course not, Dummy! If there's an unfavorable reaction, they make changes in their ADVERTISING!


The TV Networks depend on surveys, don't they? How do you find out which Shows are the most popular?
We use two different highly scientific Survey Systems! The first is called the "Chance Factor Method"! We merely pick out telephone numbers at random, and . . .
Hey . . . how would YOU like to make this Survey Call . . . ?


Hello! I'm taking a TV Survey! Do you watch the "NBA Game Of The Week"?
I—I think a dog answered! All he says is "Woof!"
Well, don't waste the phone call! One woof means "Yes!" Two woofs mean "No!" And three woofs mean "No Opinion!"

And THIS is why shows like "Julia" and "Barefoot In The Park" were CANCELLED?!

The other method is by use of an Audimeter! We attach 1000 of these gadgets to sets all over the country, and whatever Shows the families watch are recorded! This data is then passed on to the TV Networks!
Do they pay much for this information?
Oh, about five million dollars!
Man, no wonder I can't get a raise! They spend all the bread finding out if anybody is watching me!

Do these **families** get paid?

Sure! We pick up their **TV repairs**, and pay them **50¢ a week!**

Man, that is **unbelievable!**

What? That the Networks pay **millions** for information they could get **themselves** for less than **half** the price?

No . . . that you found **1000 people** who would do something for **50¢!** I can't even get my **kid** to guard my **hubcaps** for less than a **buck!**

I never met anyone that has been **questioned** by a poll! How do you decide who you are going to **interview?**

We use what is known in statistical circles as the **Law of Probability!** We choose a **typical neighborhood at random . . .**

**What** typical neighborhood did it **land** in?

Hey, it landed in **HARLEM!**

*Hmmm!* I'd better try **again! THAT** neighborhood is just a little **TOO typical!!**

Here we are in our **alternate** typical neighborhood . . .

Why are we skipping **that house?**

Because it's on the **corner!** People who live in the **corner houses** aren't **typical!** They're **richer** than their neighbors!

Yeah, but suppose only people who live in **corner houses** watch the **"NBA Game Of The Week"!** My rating would be **ZERO!!**

Who's **out** there? **Go away! We don't want** any!

I'm not **selling** anything! I just want to ask you a **question!**

Boy, this business is getting **tough!** People used to tell you **anything!** Today, they won't even open the **door!**

What question were you going to **ask?**

Whether they felt that it was **safe** to walk the **streets?**

Suppose that most people just **do not understand** an issue? How can you get an **accurate survey?**

We **phrase** the **question** so it can be answered by a **moron!** Then people can express **opinions** on things they don't know **a damned thing about!** Listen . .

Pardon me, sir! I'd like to ask you a **question:** Do you think the **U.S.** should **devalue the dollar** to make it **more competitive** on the **international money market?** Answer **"yes"** or **"no"!**

*Duhh* –yes, dey should **devalue**— *uh*—like you **said!**

And the U S Government makes **decisions** on information like **THIS?!?**

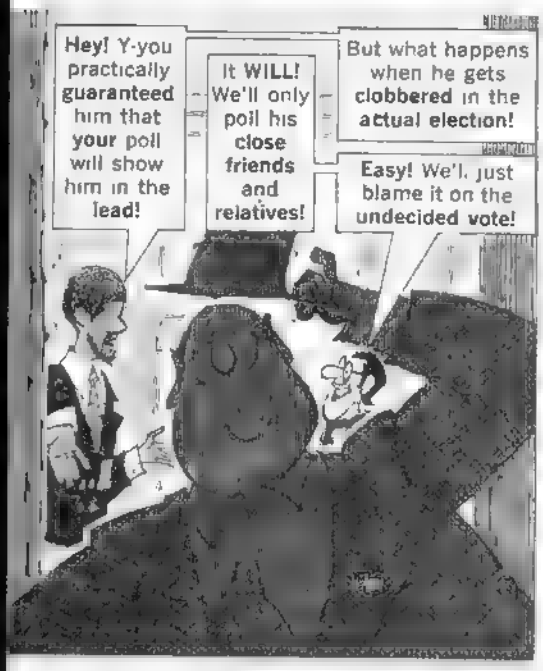
Let's go back to the office! I'll finish the rest of these surveys **myself!**

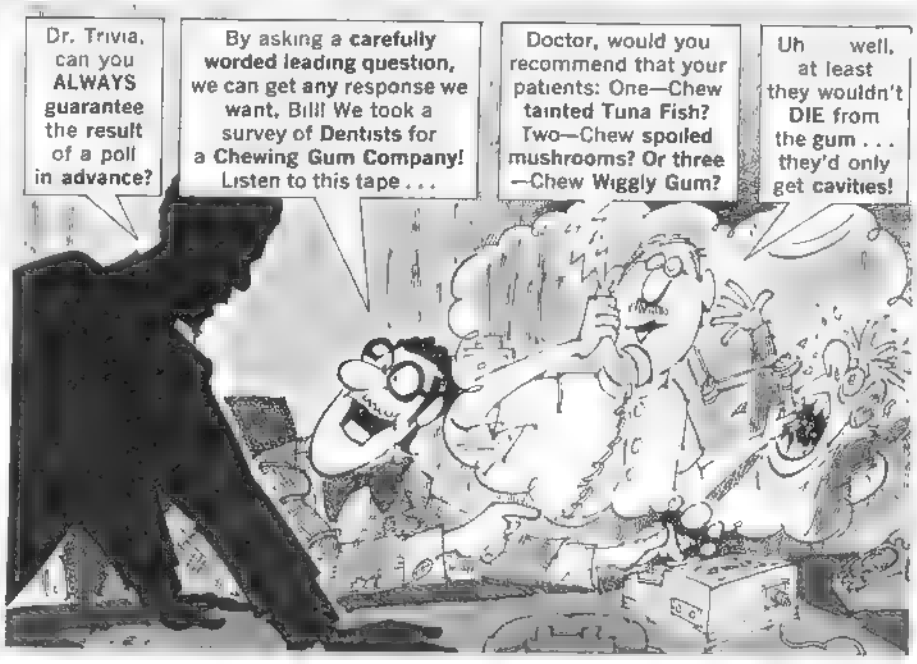
Hey . . . that's **cheating!!**

Ahh, nobody'll know the **difference!** Besides, on what I pay my **Field Men,** I'm sure most of them **fake** their surveys **anyway!** So why shouldn't **I** enjoy the same privilege as my **hired help??**

Does Politics play a big part in your racket?
You bet it does! Every incompetent clown who wants to run for Public Office has his own private poll taken!
Allow me to introduce myself! I'm Congressman Sam Buller!
It's a pleasure to meet you! We were just talking about you!

I've decided to seek re-election, and the Galloping Poll says I don't stand a chance!
I hate to knock my competitors, Congressman, but our scientific sampling methods are far more accurate, and I'm sure that you will be pleased with the results of the Opinion Poll WE'LL take!
It's real nice doing business with you, Sir!
Relax! Your popularity is safe with us!


Hey! Y-you practically guaranteed him that your poll will show him in the lead!
It WILL! We'll only poll his close friends and relatives!
But what happens when he gets clobbered in the actual election!
Easy! We'll just blame it on the undecided vote!

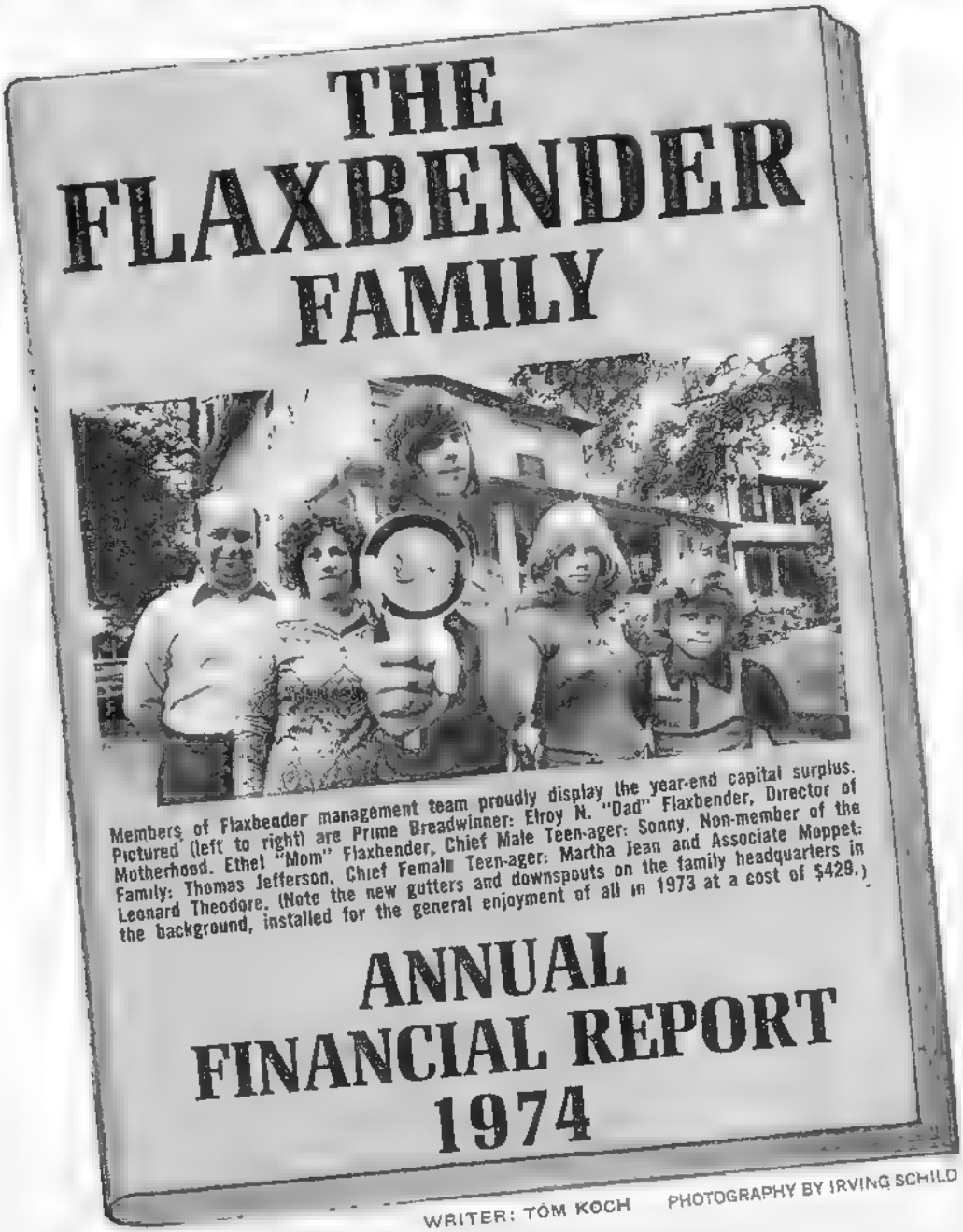

Dr. Trivia, can you ALWAYS guarantee the result of a poll in advance?
By asking a carefully worded leading question, we can get any response we want, Bill! We took a survey of Dentists for a Chewing Gum Company! Listen to this tape . . .
Doctor, would you recommend that your patients: One—Chew tainted Tuna Fish? Two—Chew spoiled mushrooms? Or three—Chew Wiggly Gum?
Uh well, at least they wouldn't DIE from the gum . . . they'd only get cavities!

Now let's take a look at what they did with the results of that poll . . .
. . . and of the Dentists surveyed, 66% recommended that their patients chew Wiggly Gum!
Toofies

So you see, Bill . . . polls play a vital part in our American Way of Life! The majority of people WANT to be in the main stream of things! And thanks to polls, they know the popular positions to take on most issues—what political bandwagons to jump on . . . what TV shows to watch . . . what style clothes to wear!
In other words . . . thanks to POLLS, people do not have to think for themselves!
Hmm! That should give our readers something to really think about! This is Bill Mussel . . . signing off for MAD Magazine!

The average American Family has one thing in common with the average American Corporation: both bicker constantly about money because neither seems capable of showing a satisfactory profit despite ever increasing income. The Chairman of the Board can't really explain what happened to this year's extra billion dollars any more than the Head of the House can figure out where this year's extra thousand went. But Corporation Executives do have a decided edge when it comes to silencing money squabbles. They cover up their extravagant mistakes with vague references to "non-recurring costs" and optimistic predictions for a brighter tomorrow. MAD sees no reason why Families shouldn't utilize the same sneaky device. Just think how the shouting would be stifled if Moms, Dads and kids were given yearly opportunities to write up their dreams for a better future as each of them busily blames the present financial mess on somebody else in....

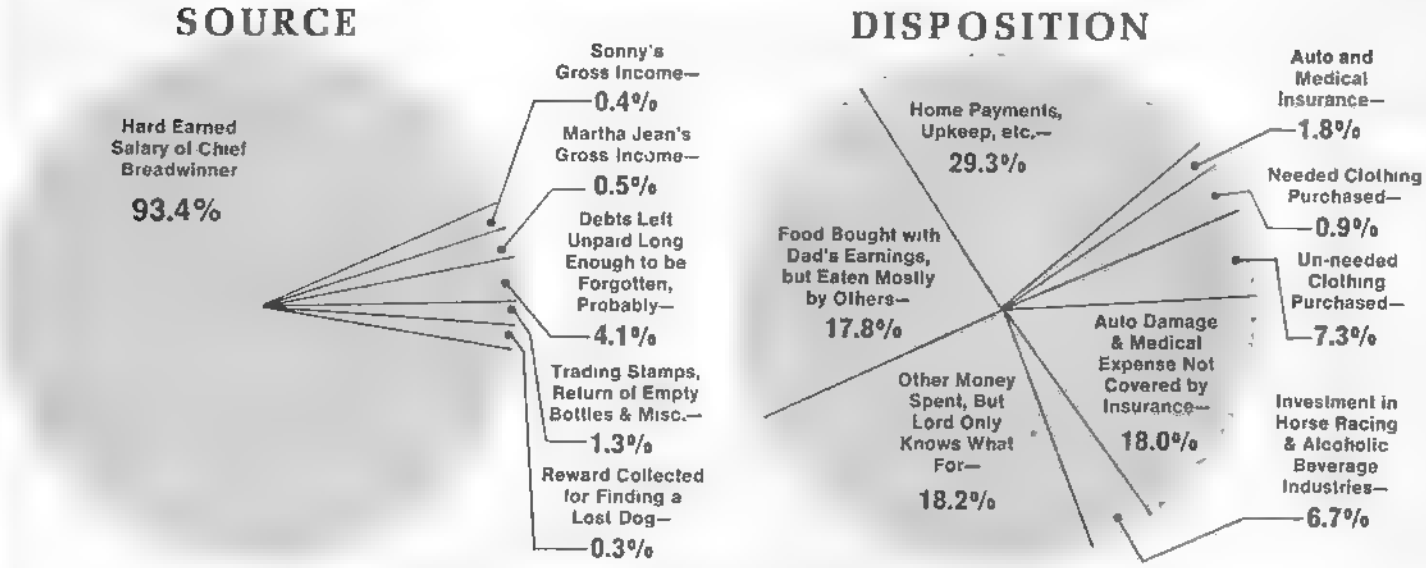
# ANNUAL REPORTS TO FAMILY MEMBERS



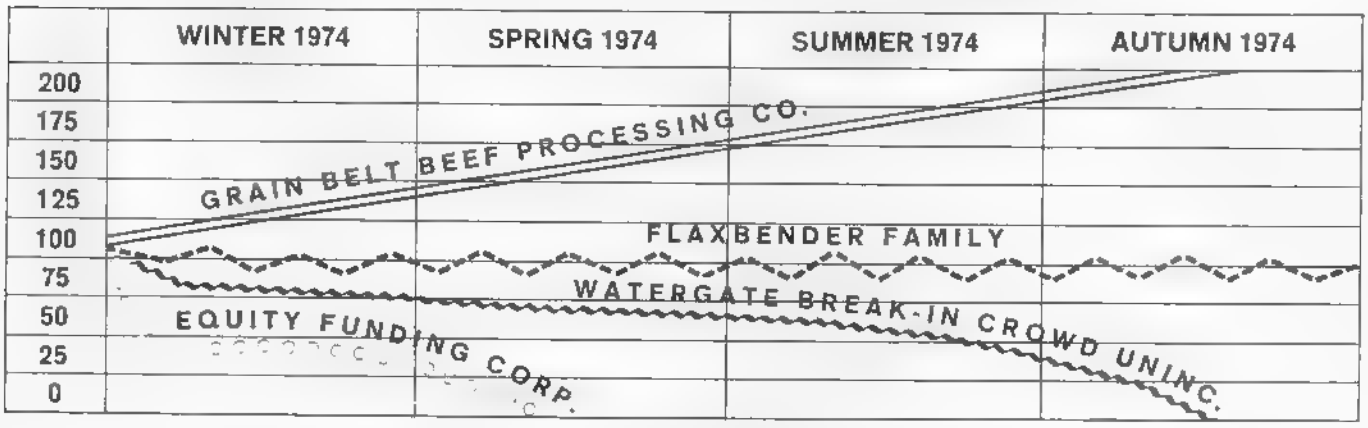

WRITER: TOM KOCH PHOTOGRAPHY BY IRVING SCHILD

# 1974 Financial Highlights At A Glance

## Source And Disposition Of Family Revenue

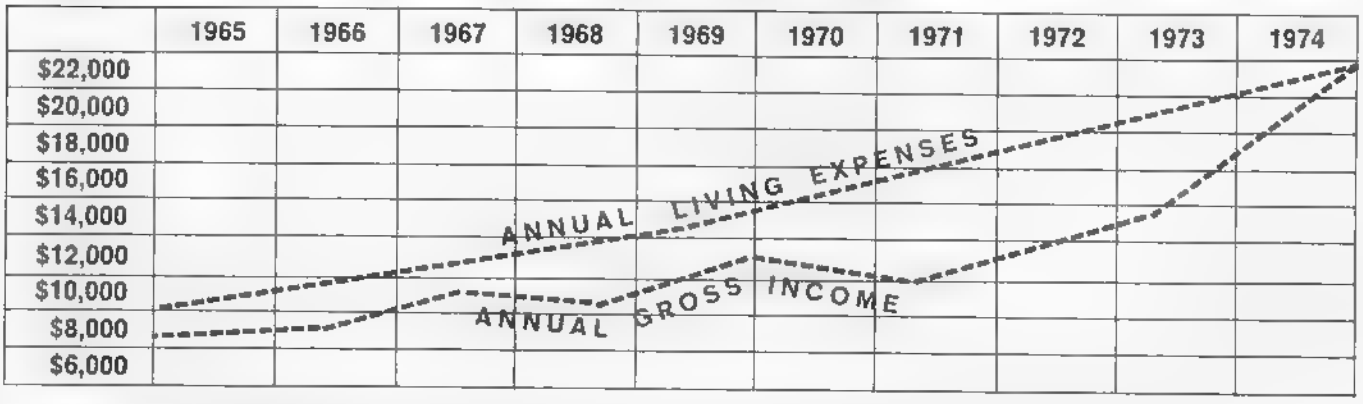



### COMPARISON OF 1974 FLAXBENDER REVENUES WITH THOSE OF OTHER SELECTED UNDERTAKINGS




Encouraging graph (above) shows that last year Flaxbenders performed better financially than two out of three comparable organizations picked entirely at random for an intensive study.

### LONG TERM COMPARISON OF ANNUAL INCOME & OUTLAY FIGURES




A tremendous upsurge in Dad's earnings from overtime and moonlighting coupled with leadership decision to misplace almost $700 in unpaid bills, resulted in an unprecedented 1973 prosperity that created the wonderful illusion we finally broke even.

# Annual Message From Dad

As you already have been notified verbally, the Flaxbender "team" finished fiscal 1974 with results that were not satisfactory to your leadership. Such unprofitable undertakings as Martha Jean's dental work, Sonny's totaling of the Buick, and Mom's idiotic purchase of a muskrat coat combined to wipe out an anticipated surplus, despite record gross revenues of $21,658 contributed by Yours Truly.

In topping the magic "twenty grand" figure for the first time in history, Dad again operated at 100% of his maximum work capacity throughout the calendar year, and was the financial stand-out in an otherwise lackluster family effort. By giving up golf to put in more Saturday overtime at the plant, and devoting most free week-nights to moonlighting in the aluminum awning sales field, the Head of the House clearly risked a heart attack in order to make up deficits reported by all subsidiary Flaxbenders. Additionally, it should be noted that Dad's Poker Night losings were pared to a few lousy bucks in the year just ended.

Chief disappointments among the new financial ventures undertaken by junior members of the team were Sonny's Lawn Mowing Service, which grossed only $32.75 after a $149.00 outlay for a power mower, and Martha Jean's baby sitting, which fell an incredible $216 short of covering the cost of new clothes needed to do the work properly. It is to be hoped that both endeavors can turn the corner profitwise in '75. Or else!

Over all, the year ahead appears to hold some promise for achieving our first measurable surplus since we started having children. The recent death of the dog happily relieves us of a burdensome Purina Chow bill, and also enables us to skip paying the veterinarian for past services. On another front, the news that Ethel's brother lost his mind and was committed leads management to the cheery conclusion that he probably forgot about the $500 we owe him. Therefore, that debt is now being written off as paid, in compliance with the family's normal accounting procedures.

In the final analysis, however, hopes for putting the Flaxbenders into the black for '75 depend chiefly upon subsidiary family members and their desire to cut costs in all operating areas. To achieve that motivation, all that any of us need do is ask ourselves one simple budgetary question: How badly do we really want that A-1 Bench Power Saw that old Dave Gleckny down at the plant is willing to let me have for only $150?

Respectfully submitted,
Elroy N. Flaxbender,
Devoted Husband & Father

CHIEF FAMILY BREADWINNER Elroy N. Flaxbender poses for formal portrait in his newest suit, a $39.95 Robert Hall clearance special purchased in 1962. During fiscal 1974, Dad's gross outlay for clothing and booze amounted to less than $1,000

CUTTING FISCAL DEFICIT. Dad is shown returning home from a rough day of working overtime in order to pay for thoughtless extravagances of family subsidiaries. (Note baggy trouser knees incurred to save sixty cents for professional pressing.)

GOLDEN INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY IS MISSED. At recent Auto Show, Dad spotted blue chip growth potential in this underpriced $4,600 camper. Purchase was not made due to opposition by Motherhood Division manager. The very same vehicle is now selling at $4,950, its all time market high.

# REPORTS FROM SUB

RESISTING HIGH BEAUTICIANS' CHARGES, Mom here displays results of cheap home permanent that saved family $15, and also required her to wear a wool ski cap in public all through months of July and August.

## The Homemaking & Motherhood Branch Recaps 1974

As we close out another year, it remains a mystery to me how a person is supposed to feed and clothe a family of five on the miserable household allowance I get. Lord knows I do the best I can. But it simply gets to the point where, I mean, good grief!

Even that little fat fellow with glasses hired by the president to go on Walter Cronkite and tell us how prosperous we are has finally admitted that prices are outrageous. As if a person wouldn't already know when all you have to do is walk into the market with a twenty-dollar bill to find out how far it goes. Noplace! That's how far it goes!

And yet, there's our family leader, Mr. Big Mouth Zipwallet, sitting across the dinner table yammering about not being able to stomach a main dish of cauliflower au gratin two nights in a row. In addition to which, that's after I've slaved away sprinkling parsley over the top to make it look nice. And also after I've gone without the clothes any woman needs to put on her back, which is another story altogether.

In closing, may I say that doing the marketing in an old VW with bent fenders that won't start half the time is no picnic for a sensitive person either. If the Homemaking and Motherhood Dept. were provided with even half-way decent transportation, there is no doubt that a large number of ingenious cost-cutting operations could be put into effect in fiscal 1975. Especially if it should happen to be a lavender Mustang.

(Mrs.) Ethel Flaxbender
Chief Drudge

## A Word From Sonny On Fiscal '74

Writing as a scholar whose good marks in high school already have qualified me for admission to a top rated college, I shall begin my report by paraphrasing a deep thought of Karl Marx written in a book I glanced through recently: "The desire of capitalists to conserve cash is the big thing that will make their system collapse from inner rottenness."

Since Karl Marx was a known Communist with a beard and long hair of the type Dad hates, I have assumed the patriotic task of putting all but $8.45 of my money back into circulation in the year just ended. I feel sure Dad would have wanted it that way, if he could only understand that I am just striving to help him fight off the Red Menace.

However, we now enter 1975 with the family again falling into the trap of Kremlin schemers by preparing to enroll me at tuition-free Inner City Junior College instead of dipping into capitalist savings to send me to Fraternity State. Let all God fearing Flaxbenders devoutly pray that this reactionary plan may yet be changed, especially since a couple of coeds at Fraternity State are already expecting me there.

On other matters of significance for fiscal 1974, I point with pride to my vastly enlarged record collection, my guitar amplifier purchase, and my proven talent for faking affluence on less than $20 a week. These accomplishments have done much to prevent the world from learning that my father's financial policies are hastening the day of the Marxist revolution in America.

With deepest alarm,
Bertram (Sonny) Flaxbender
Eldest Son & Logical Heir

ENTERPRISING JOB SEEKER. Sonny frequently put in long hours poring over Help Wanted column in desperate search for work. Unfortunately, no ads ever appeared for film critics, Geeks or apprentice bongo drummers.

# SIDIARY DIVISIONS

## This Year's Comment From Martha Jean

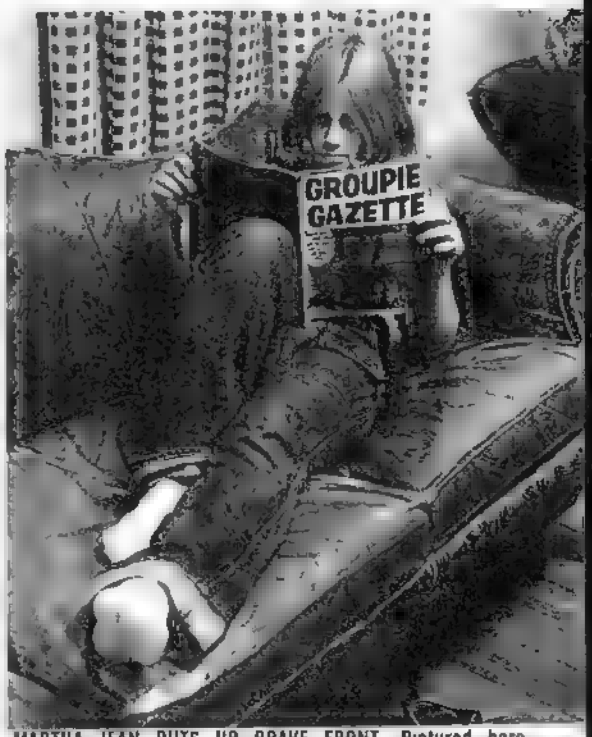
As the family spokesperson for exploited young womanhood everywhere, I tragically report that I sacrified all my chances for future happiness in 1974 in order to save Daddy a few paltry dollars which he could well afford. This disaster was achieved by: (1) Not going to Daytona Beach with the crowd for spring vacation; (2) Letting another whole winter pass without even learning how to ski, and (3) Simply staying home while Wanda Warthberger went up to the lake the very same week that Roger Newby was there.

Although locking myself in my room to cry my eyes out probably pleased Daddy because it didn't cost him any money, this department thinks it's short sighted to raise a charming daughter who will now have to spend her entire life as an old maid librarian or an old maid nun. It was this very same lack of vision by parents that caused them to start World War II when they were my age.

Despite having no future to look forward to, this division continued to contribute greatly to family income in 1974 by baby sitting on at least four occasions, knitting almost half a sweater to save on the clothes budget and, as previously indicated, not having any dates with Roger Newby which might have entailed going Dutch.

In the year ahead, I plan to write either a novel or a sonnet based on my tragic life, which I will then sell for a lot of money to make Mom and Daddy aware of the fact that I exist as a person.

Very courageously yours,
Martha Jean Flaxbender
Chief Unappreciated Individual




MARTHA JEAN PUTS UP BRAVE FRONT. Pictured here reading a fan magazine bought with her own money, the Flaxbenders' lovely daughter consoles herself with the knowledge that many gorgeous male recording stars also came from underprivileged homes and backgrounds.

## Leonard Theodore Speaks Out Financially

ENTERPRISING LEONARD THEODORE is shown here operating summer vacation lemonade stand which contributed almost 35¢ to family income, not counting cost of 48 lemons, 2 lb. sugar and 5 broken glasses.

I didn't spend hardly anything on anything last year, excepting for things which were very important. Like the five-dollars which all the kids in Miss Runk's home room had to bring for Xmas pageant costumes, and which Miss Runk said was very important because without the five dollars, we couldn't show how much we love the Baby Jesus. Daddy thought this was important, too, because when I told him I needed five-dollars, the first thing he said was, "Sweet Baby Jesus!"

Also, five-dollars isn't hardly anything compared to what Stanley Zimmerman's father plans to spend. He is only a City Councilman, which probably doesn't pay much, but he came to home room one day and told us how he wants to spend a couple of million dollars on a new playground for our school. That is much more than five-dollars, although Stanley Zimmerman says his father also owns a company that builds playgrounds, so he will probably get one wholesale.

Except for my Baby Jesus money, I didn't spend hardly anything on anything. Only just for popsicles which now cost five-cents more but are smaller, even though Daddy doesn't give me any more money to buy them than he did when they cost five-cents less and were bigger.

Which is mainly why my main financial plan for 1975 is that I plan to ask for a dollar a week allowance instead of fifty-cents, and also plan to hold my breath until my face turns black and I die if I don't get it.

Love,
Leonard Theodore Flaxbender
Cub Scout & Grade 3 Eraser Monitor

# Statement Of 1974 Income & Expenses

## INCOME:

| | |
|---|---|
| Gross earnings by Dad (Before extraordinary losses) | $ 21,658.00 |
| Extraordinary losses (See Footnote 1) | 125.00 |
| Net earnings by Dad after extraordinary losses | $ 21,533.00 |
| Total receipts, Sonny's Lawn Mowing Service | 32.75 |
| Total receipts, Martha Jean's baby sitting | 46.00 |
| Contents of ladies' purse found by Leonard Theodore. (See Footnote 2) | 14.00 |
| Estimated gross value of trading stamps saved by Ethel | 18.00 |
| Less cost of extra gas needed to shop only at stores that give stamps | 16.90 |
| Net value of trading stamps saved by Ethel in 1974 | 1.10 |
| Cash received for 1973 Christmas gifts from Grandma and Grandpa returned to store in early 1974 | 52.50 |
| **TOTAL INCOME** | **$ 21,679.35** |

## EXPENSES:

| | |
|---|---|
| Food and beverages (See Footnote 3) | $ 3,148.15 |
| Payments on house | 1,200.00 |
| Mortgage interest payments on house | 2,986.18 |
| Insurance on house | 480.00 |
| Repair work on house | 644.00 |
| Upkeep on house | 538.25 |
| Cost of unsuccessful ad to try to sell house | 13.80 |
| Children's medical care, clothing and other extravagances | 2,177.30 |
| New billiard table for game room and other necessities | 1,485.00 |
| Overhead expenses, Sonny's Lawn Mowing Service | 149.00 |
| Overhead expenses, Martha Jean's baby sitting | 262.00 |
| Cleaning and laundry (See Footnote 4) | 587.95 |
| Outrageously priced muskrat coat purchased by Ethel | 800.00 |
| Razor blades, bridge tolls & misc. (See Footnote 5) | 2,116.00 |
| Cost of having this Annual Report printed and distributed in order to get a little peace and quiet | 350.00 |
| TOTAL EXPENSE BEFORE TAXES | $ 16,937.63 |
| TAXES (Federal, state, property & sewer) | 4,741.67 |
| TOTAL EXPENSE AFTER TAXES | $ 21,679.30 |
| **EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENSES (1974 Net Profit)** | **$ .05** |

## FOOTNOTES TO STATEMENT:

1. Extraordinary losses include very extraordinary loss of Dad's three aces to Ernie Gismer's full house on Feb. 7 costing family $25, and extremely extraordinary loss of $100 investment when Sure Thing Baby stumbled and fell out of the starting gate in the fourth at Belmont on May 18
2. Does not include $100 fine levied after Judge ruled that Leonard Theodore found ladies' purse before lady let go of it.
3. Beverage figure includes money squandered on cola drinks by kids, but excludes Dad's investment in vintage gin as a hedge against inflation
4. Cleaning and laundry total includes $73 for cleaning yard and laundering windows after Sonny retired from household chores to devote full time to making out
5. Miscellaneous expense includes Dad's $1,200 Las Vegas vacation to recover from shock of Ethel's $200 muskrat coat purchase.

# Consolidated Family Balance Sheet

## TOTAL ASSETS AS OF DEC. 31, 1974

| | |
|---|---|
| Cash in bank | $ 638.14 |
| Cash in pockets and old coffee can | 51.30 |
| Cash under sofa cushions | 0.35 |
| House at current market value | 19,500.00 |
| Household furnishings & appliances at present re-sale value | 1,624.00 |
| 1966 Buick automobile | 775.00 |
| Martha Jean's prospects for marrying a millionaire. (Computed on basis of million-to-one odds against it) | 1.00 |
| Potential earnings by Dad before he goes on Social Security. (21 years @ $20,000 per year) | 420,000.00 |
| Postage stamps on hand | .16 |
| **TOTAL ASSETS** | **$442,590.45** |

## TOTAL LIABILITIES AS OF DEC. 31, 1974

| | |
|---|---|
| Theft of cash by Martha Jean's boy friend from old coffee can and under sofa cushions | $ 16.35 |
| Unpaid balance on house | 17,210.00 |
| Unpaid balance on household furnishings & appliances. (Including interest and carrying charges) | 2,918.70 |
| Depreciation on family-owned 1966 Buick incurred during Sonny's smash-up | 750.00 |
| Depreciation on non-family-owned 1973 Pontiac, 1971 Yamaha and 1972 Dodge police car incurred during Sonny's smash-up | 7,225.00 |
| Potential cost of supporting Sonny until he goes on Social Security. (48 years @ $10,000 per year) | 480,000.00 |
| Owed to Leonard Theodore by the tooth fairy | .25 |
| **TOTAL LIABILITIES** | **$508,120.30** |

## INDEPENDENT ACCOUNTANT'S REPORT

Having glanced over all these figures thrown at me by the Flaxbenders (a Delaware family), I can positively state that I guess they probably may be okay.

I mean this stuff is nothing like the examples printed in our text for Bookkeeping II where all the figures come out right at the end and like that. But as Mr. Flaxbender explained to me, it's easy to get numbers to come out right when you're just making them all up to put in a textbook, and don't have to pay any attention to how things would have come out if they had actually happened to real people.

That seems to make sense. Besides, these are all Mr. Flaxbender's figures, and if he isn't worried about getting them to come out right, I don't see why I should get upset.

In addition, he told me that everything in here conforms with accounting procedures that are normal for him, so I guess that means the whole thing probably may be okay.

Bryce Watermouse
Fairly Independent Box Boy &
Very Independent Undergraduate Accountant

# FLAXBENDER

## A NAME TO BE A LOT MORE RESPECTED IN THE FUTURE

Frequent vow by Ethel's doddering, infirm parents that "Someday this will all be yours!" prompts management to envision a solvent, worry-free fiscal status by 1977.

Leonard Theodore, fortunately unaware that Presidential wage guidelines don't apply to his allowance, is warned that seeking an increase will prompt Ford to come get him. This lie will save the family about $3.00 per year.

Despite past difficulties in bringing capital outlay into phase with net receipts, your leadership remains confident that brighter long range prospects can eventually result in acquisitions that will be the envy of the neighbors. This projected status turn-around could begin as early as the fiscal third quarter of 1975, especially if Sonny and Martha Jean get off their duffs and land summer jobs once school lets out.

Looking further into the future, a management study of actuarial tables reveals that Ethel's parents are due to wheeze their last gasp sometime between late 1976 and early 1977. The resulting juicy inheritance will go far toward putting the family on Easy Street. Plans for the long awaited flake-out already have been made, and call for the Flaxbenders' prompt entry into such diverse activities as yachting, summer cottage acquisition, and possibly even maid hireage. This forthcoming show of affluence obviously will raise the stock of the entire family in the eyes of such neighbors as those loud mouthed Flanagans down on the corner, who are forever bragging about their fat, sissy kid attending Dartmouth.

Holding even greater future promise is Dad's brilliant plan for quitting his job to buy a Pizza Paradise franchise. With Ethel manning the oven to cut overhead expense, the sale of as few as 3,000 pepperoni and mushroom specials each week could produce wealth undreamed of, even by those loud mouthed Flanagans down on the corner.

To summarize, your trusted leader feels strongly that past family performance should be ignored in assessing future potential. This will be especially true if our rich relatives in Omaha come through with a requested loan to tide us over until Ethel's parents finally conk out. Such brilliantly conceived financial transactions have made Flaxbender a name to be reckoned with in the neighborhood before, and can do so again.

Dad admires Pizza Paradise outlet similar to the one he soon hopes to open and reap fabulous profits. New franchises are still available for only $10,000, excluding minor costs of building, equipment, supplies and labor.

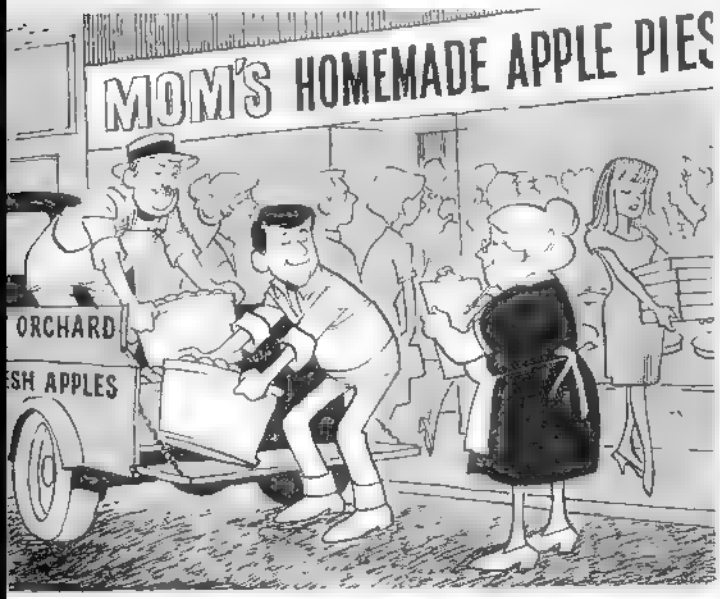
Ethel's contribution to coming affluence will be a color TV set, due when she saves another 216½ books of trading stamps. At present rate of collecting, the family can look forward to watching the 1989 World Series in living color.

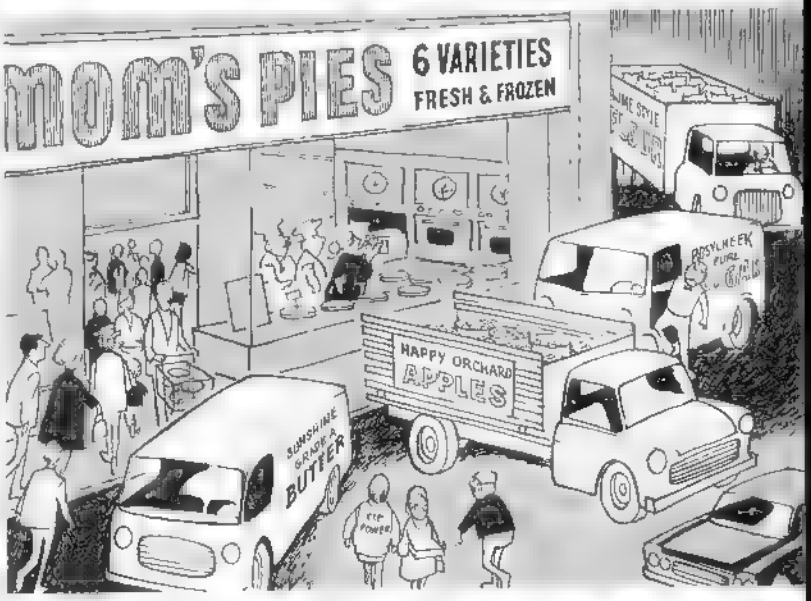
Hopeful sign for the future is Sonny's admiration (shown here) for Family Doctor W. Pritchard's new Rolls Royce. Sonny has learned that by working his way through Med School he too could charge high fees and buy a Rolls.

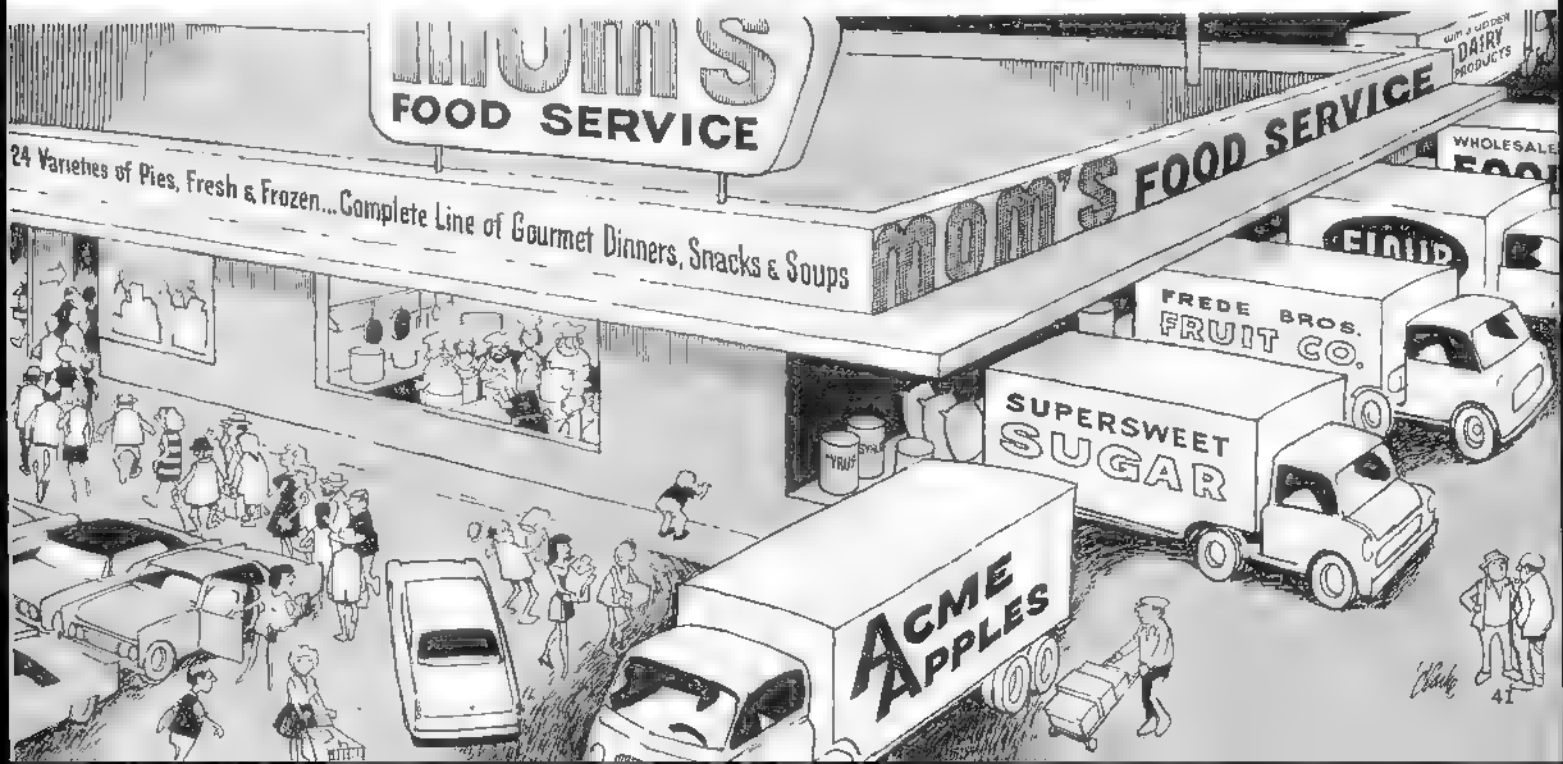
INFERIORITY COMPLEX DEPT.

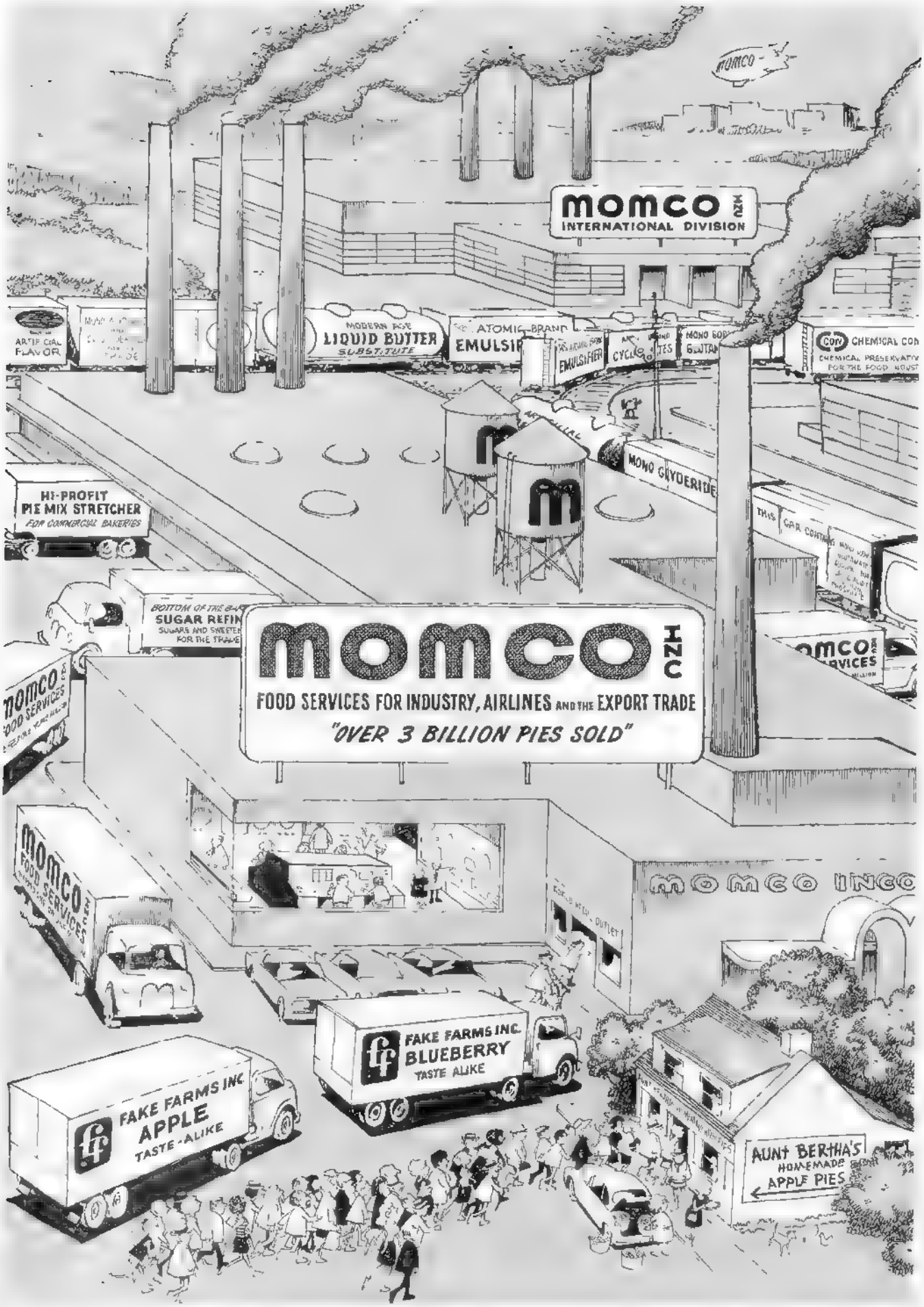
# A MODERN BUSINESS SUCCESS STORY

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



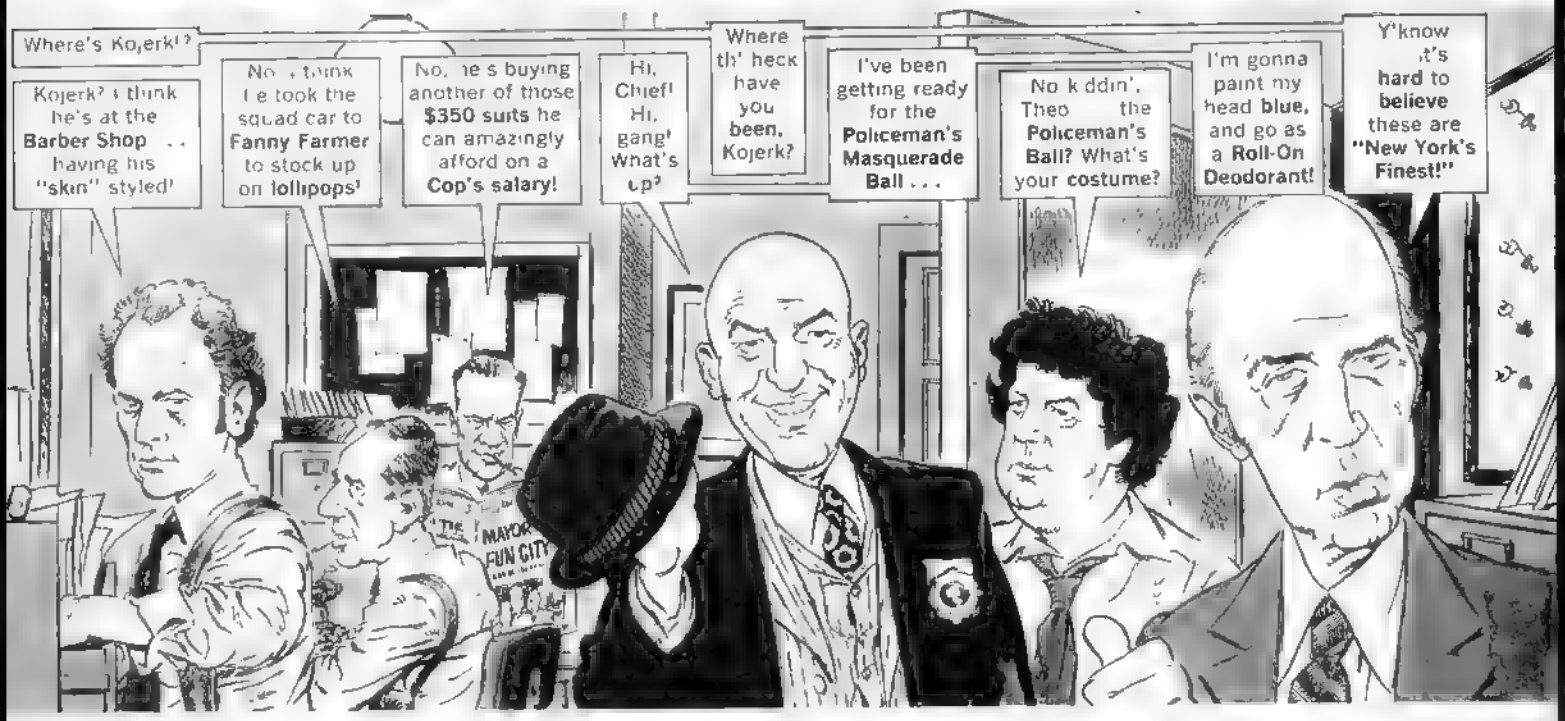

momco INC
INTERNATIONAL DIVISION
MODERN AGE
LIQUID BUTTER
SUBSTITUTE
ATOMIC-BRAND
EMULSIFIER
CHEMICAL PRESERVATIVE
FOR THE FOOD INDUSTRY
MONO GLYCERIDE
HI-PROFIT
PIE MIX STRETCHER
FOR COMMERCIAL BAKERIES
SUGAR REFIN
SUGARS AND SWEETENERS
FOR THE TRADE
momco INC
FOOD SERVICES FOR INDUSTRY, AIRLINES AND THE EXPORT TRADE
"OVER 3 BILLION PIES SOLD"
momco INCO
FAKE FARMS INC.
BLUEBERRY
TASTE ALIKE
FAKE FARMS INC.
APPLE
TASTE-ALIKE
AUNT BERTHA'S
HOMEMADE
APPLE PIES

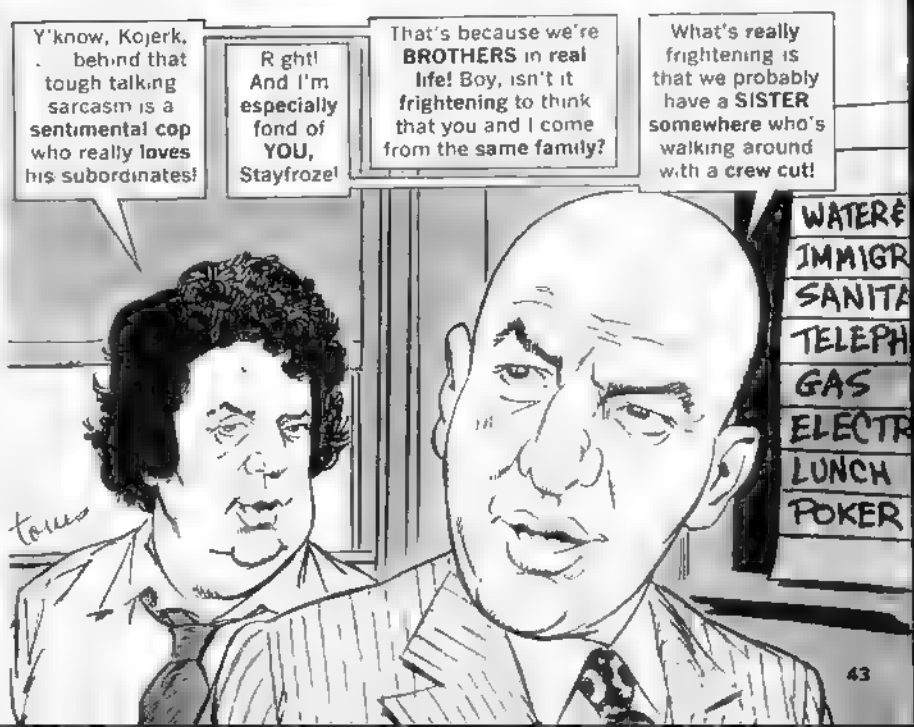
PUTTING ON THE "TELLY" DEPT.

One of the silliest trends on TV the past few seasons has been "The Ethnic Detective Show." We've had Banaceck, Kodiak, Kolchak, Nakia...and one guy who's become the top-rated TV Cop of them all. Yes, we're talking about that charismic, burly Greek with the cute mannerisms and the gleaming skull. So, lower the "brightness" in your room, and get ready for MAD's version of . . .

# KOJERK

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN





Kojerk, the Department's been getting complaints about you! You've been roughing up our suspects a little too much!

C'mon, Chief! I only lean on 'em if they give me any lip, or if they committed some atrocious crime!

I'm in a very, very ugly mood!

Gee, Kojerk is really mad! What did the guy do?

Petty theft . . .

All THAT for petty theft?!?

He stole Kojerk's lollipops!!

We better stop it!! Kojerk may kill him!!

Let's get down to business, Kojerk! We've got a dead man on our hands!

Don't tease me! Show me the body!

It's your assistant! Cracker!

Aw, he's not dead! He's just very bland!

So I'm NOT a 250-pound Greek "Mr. Clean!" And I'm NOT a reject from a "Marty Allen Look-Alike Contest!" I'm just a simple, ordinary guy with an average haircut!

Okay! Okay! Don't be sore! I guess there's gotta be ONE freak on every Police Force!

Hey, you guys! It's Friday night in "Fun City!" Better get out and start cruisin'!

Okay, I'm Lt. Kojerk . . . Manhattan South! What's the problem?

This man's been shot!

Where was he shot?

On 63rd Street!

That's Manhattan NORTH!! We can't help you!

Kojerk's the most dedicated Cop I know . . . but only below 50th Street!

Well . . . what have we here?

I'm an out-of-towner, from San Francisco!

That's Manhattan WEST! A little out of my area!

But my pocket was picked HERE! I had six hundred dollars in cash on me!

A little warning, Mister! Never carry cash in New York! Always carry American Express Travelers Checks!

BAR

Help! HELP! I just saw a pervert!
What did the pervert look like, Ma'am?
A huge bald man, sucking a lollipop and staring at me with a big, toothy grin! I want the Police!
We can't help you Lady! That IS the Police!!
Let's face it, Kojerk! A bald Greek detective sucking a lollipop DOES look kinda weird!
I realize it makes me look immature and eccentric! That's why, to instill a note of dignity to my character, I occasionally chew a Tootsie Roll!
PEDESTRIAN WALK
NO BICYCLES SKATING
We're alone, now Kojerk! You can tell me! Why the LOLLI-POPS?
Is that the REAL reason?
Well . . . if you must know, it's my "TV Cop Gimmick!" Columbo has a dirty raincoat! I suck a lollipop! Every time I take a lick, it means 2.3 points in the ratings!
Wel , no! Actually, I'm into a whole "image trip!" It's my "machismo scene!" Girls dig it! Men respect it! The lollipop makes me "human," "vulnerable," a "loveable little boy!"
You're STILL not leveling with me! Okay, what's the REAL reason!
Actually, I love the lil' grape ones!
GOWANUS EXPWY.
CANAL
While you were out, look what happened to Desk Sergeant Rizzioli . . . !
Gi'me a clue! He's dead . . . right?
Gunned down right here n the Police Station!
The slug came from a .38!
It's an inside job! Round up all suspects!
Hold it! Not so fast, hotshots!
Getting another one of your super hunches, Kojerk?
I will . . . in a moment! Right now, I want to pause dramatically and drag on this Tiparillo in my cute "thumb and forefinger" style! I've d scovered that this move adds another 1.8 points to our ratings!
Okay . . . here's my theory! There was no gun! Rizzioli was killed by a SWORD because he knew about the Turkish Counterfeit Ring, and also the Wall Street Securities Heist, AND the Third Avenue "Nude Student Nurse" Porno Movie Racket!
That's incredible! You have no proof!
Just instinct! My fantastic intuition hasn't failed me in over two years of TV episodes!

What if you're wrong THIS time?
Baby, I'll stake my career on this!
Well, do you have any suspects . . . ?
Sure! Everyone who stepped foot in Manhattan today!
But . . . that's over ten million people!
We're wasting time! Get me names . . . and fingerprints!!

Okay, now let's hit the streets!
Kojerk, if this is gonna be a long trip, you better let ME wear the shades!
Why . . . ? Because you're driving . . . ?
No . . . because I just don't want your head shining in my face!
POLICE DEPT
POL

Listen, Cracker! I'm up to here with jokes about my skull! Let's just look for a suspect, okay?!?
Right! We'll COMB the city for him!
Knock it off! Don't say comb!
Sorry! All I meant was, after we get through with him, he'll know he's had a BRUSH with the Law!
Cracker, you are giving me a very hard time! Now, cool it!!
Whatever you say, Lieutenant! You're the HEAD man!

Gosh . . . I didn't even get a chance to use my "Night With Bald Mountain" reference!!

Okay, this is our first stop!
Hey, you . . . send out twelve of your best-lookin' broads!
A Call-Girl Operation?! You think Rizzioli's killer is a hooker?!?
Nahhh! Now that I'm a SUPER STAR, I want to re-do "The Dirty Dozen" MY way!!

You punk! You creep! I oughtta kill you!
Take it easy, Kojerk! This guy don't look like no MURDERER!!
I know! I just like to punch around anyone on this show who dresses better than me!

I think our killer may be in there! It's a big "Hood Hangout!" Wait for me! I'm going in alone . . . but in a clever disguise!
Listen, don't go in there, Kojerk! It could be very dangerous!
PARK

What happened? Any luck?

Well, I didn't find the killer, but I think the disguise worked pretty good!

I didn't even mind being rolled down the "gutter!" But coming through the "return ball" chute was murder!

Whew! After that, I need a break!

SHEEPSHEAD BAY LANES

BOWLING LEAGUES NOW BEING FORMED

Hi! YOU'RE my break!

Kojerk, is it true that bald men are more virile than guys with hair?

Well, it's true in MY case! But it's frightening to think that Don Rickles could be more in demand at an orgy than Robert Redford!

It must be great to be bald! Imagine . . . no brushing . . . no messy shampoos . . . no frizzies!

Yeah . . . there's less hair to comb! But then again, there's more face to wash!.

Kojerk . . . how come you're always dating Police Women . . . ?

I like taking the Law into my own hands!

Well, I'm off to the Statue of Liberty! I'm gonna slap her around a little! I think the Lady of Steel knows a lot more than she's telling, an I'm gonna—

I'm afraid it's too late for your crazy hunches, Kojerk! We've found our murderer!

You—you have? Who is it . . . ?

STAYFROZE! Those plants he's been growing for two years were Marijuana! Rizzioli found out about it, and Stayfroze killed him! So it turns out Stayfroze is the "heavy" in this story!

He's not the heavy! He's my Brother!

I—I can't believe it! Kojerk, the great Greek detective . . . unable to solve a lousy crime!

I guess this means I'm all washed up, eh, Chief . . . ?

Not exactly, Kojerk! We still have a place for you on the Force

Pardon me . . . but is this the Manhattan South Police Station?

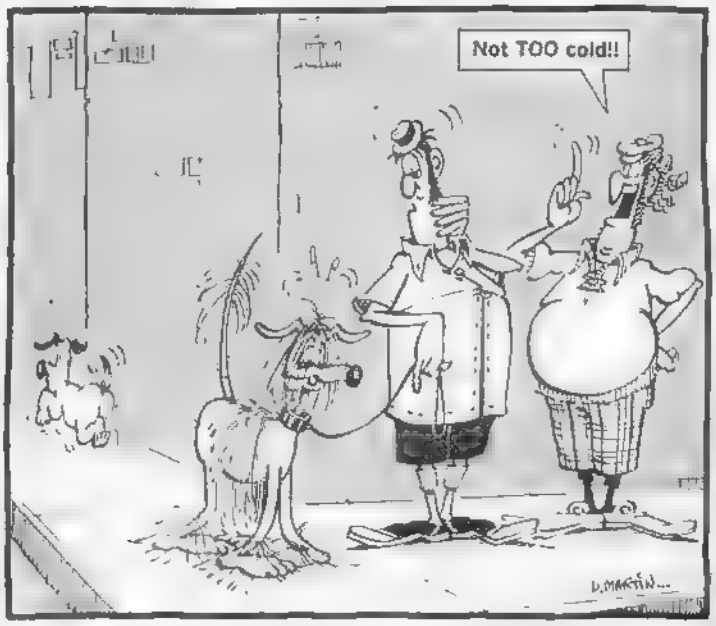
S'matter, Creep? Can't you READ??

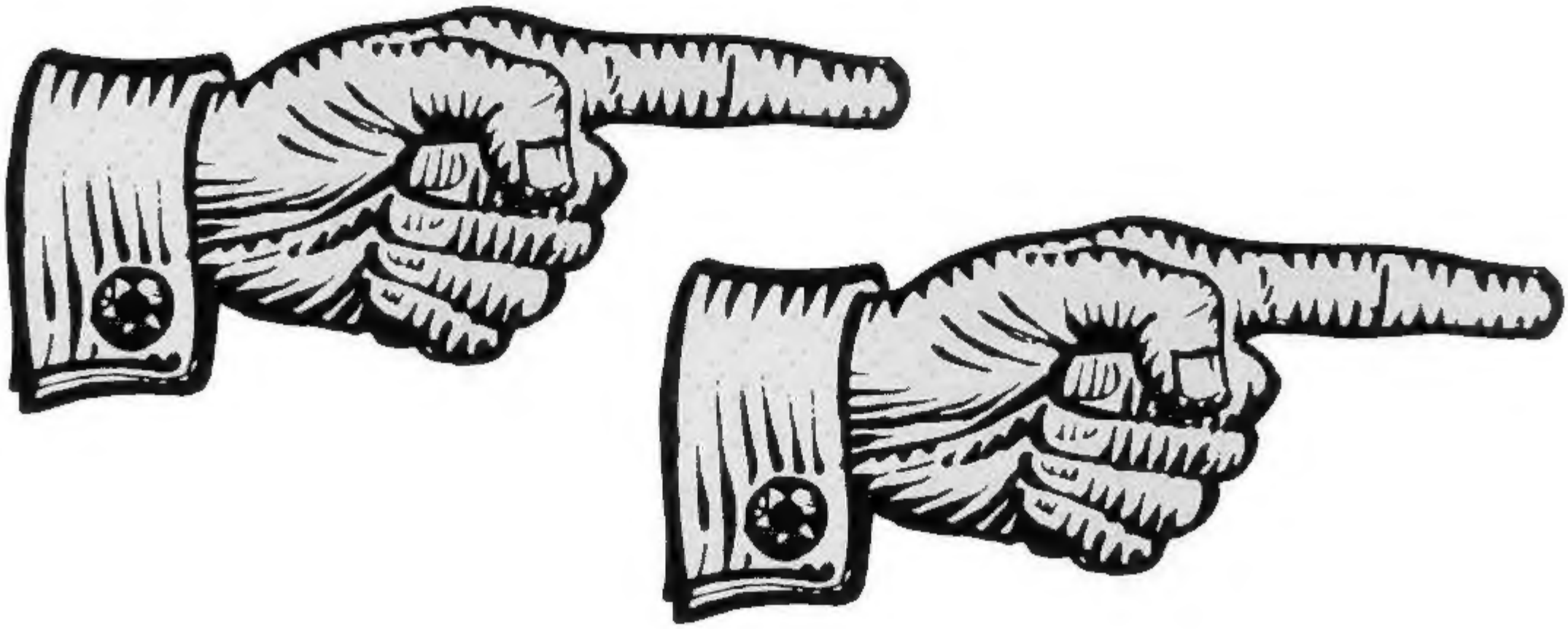
POLICE DEPT.

POLICE DEPT.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

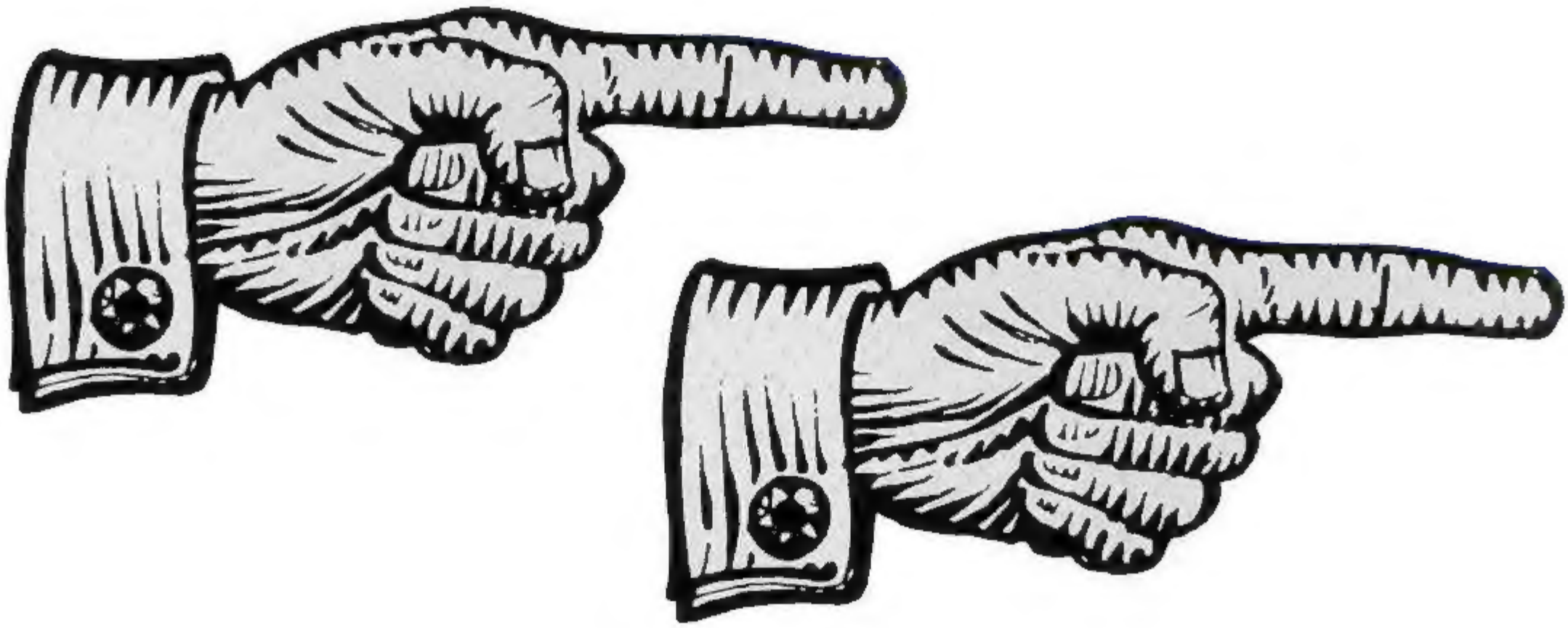
# ONE TUESDAY AFTERNOON ON WEST MAIN STREET





***Nothing to see here!***

***Please skip ahead.***



**WHAT IS THE ONE DRIVING HAZARD THAT AUTO MAKERS ARE ALMOST POWERLESS TO REMOVE?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

# MAD FOLD-IN

For the past few years, tremendous pressure has been exerted on our nation's auto manufacturers to eliminate the unsafe elements in their cars. But no matter how hard they try, there is one cause of nasty accidents that they can't remove! To find out what it is, fold in the page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

DRAMATIC SAFETY FEATURES HAVE RESULTED IN SHRUNKEN HIGHWAY CASUALTY LISTS. AND YET, ONE DREADED CURSE TURNS OUR ROADS INTO BLOODY RIVERS

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▶ ◀B

# WHAT IS THE ONE DRIVING HAZARD THAT AUTO MAKERS ARE ALMOST POWERLESS TO REMOVE?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

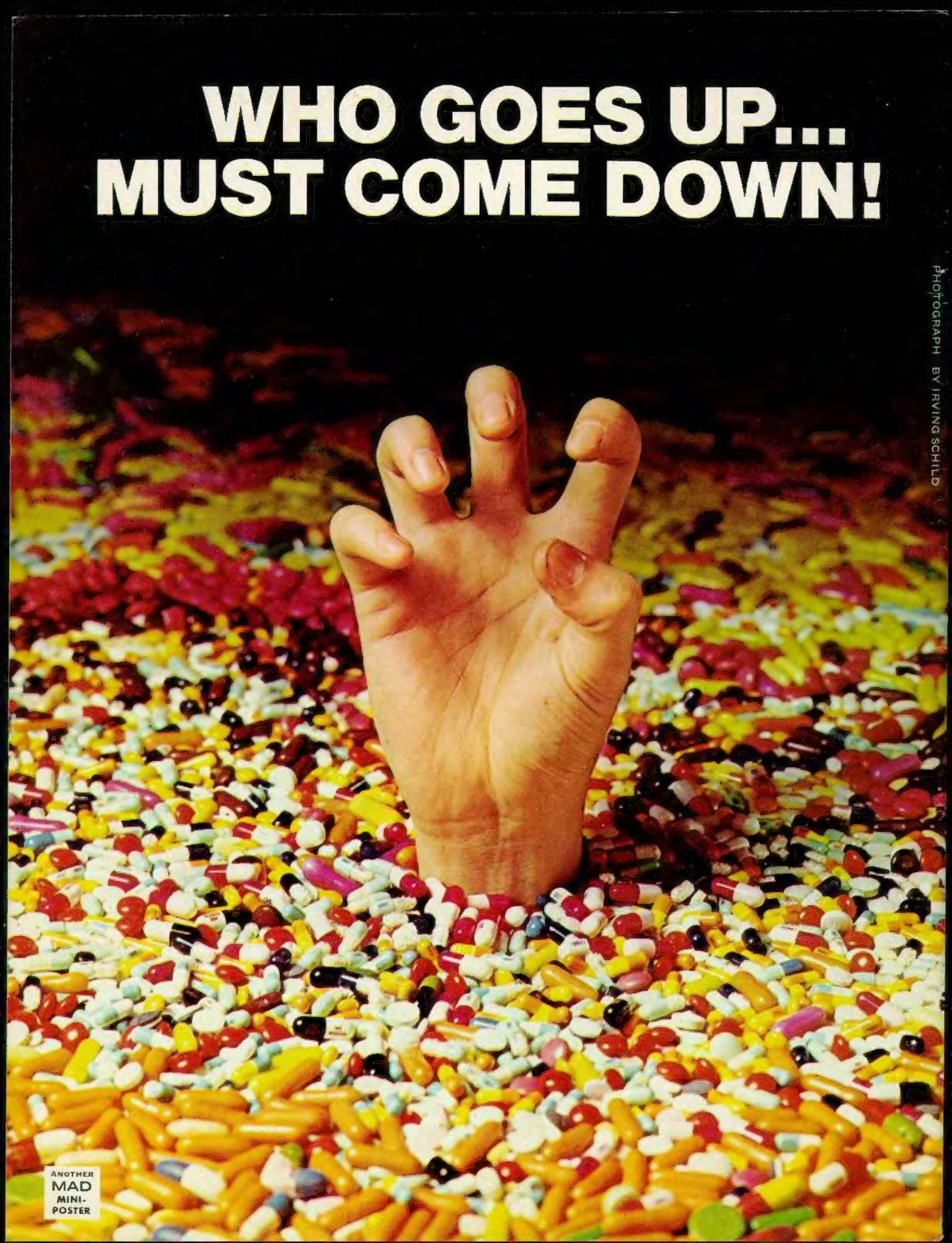
A▶ ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

# DRUNKEN DRIVERS

A▶◀B

# WHO GOES UP... MUST COME DOWN!



PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING SCHILD

ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER